

Abe Martin's Broadcast



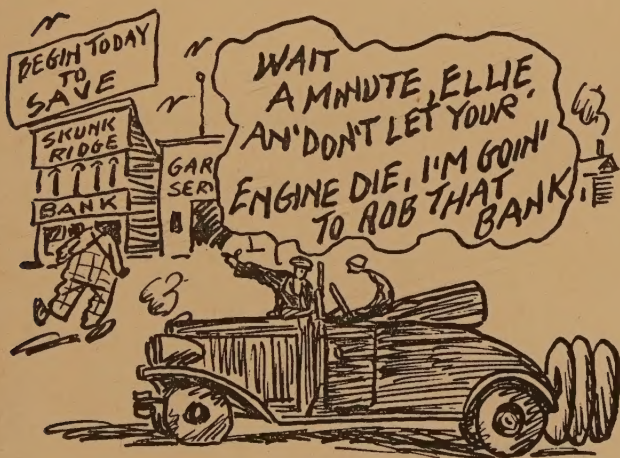
KIN HUBBARD



ABE MARTIN'S
BROADCAST

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KIN HUBBARD ANNOUNCING



Illustrations by the Author

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**ABE MARTIN'S
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Abe Martin of Brown County, Indiana

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THE PARAMOUNT QUESTION

MR. LEMMIE PETERS, star reporter fer the *Weekly Slip Horn*, started out to feel out the people o' Bloom Center on the complicated condition of national affairs, pendin' an' imminent legislation, world peace activities, the Malay rattan schedule, the debenture plan, pensions, an' rivers an' harbors appropriations. Tipton Bud wuz asked what he thought of the debenture plan, an' he replied: "I never heard of it. The papers are so full o' crime I hain't had time to consider questions of national import. I'm back on three murders now. Do you think beer'll ever come back?" Hon. Ex-Editur Cale Fluhart wuz asked to express him-

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self on the new tariff cut o' fifty per cent. in diamonds. "Indefensible! The cowardly schedule is a reflection on our civilization. There is no justification fer it. Do you think beer'll come back?" Mrs. Leghorn Tharp wuz asked to express as nearly as possible the woman's slant on our present commission form of national gover'ment. "Oh, mercy, my time has been so taken up with social affairs that I have given no thought at all to gover'mental problems. Is there any probability o' beer comin' back?" Mr. Tell Binkley wuz asked what he thought of our colonial responsibilities. "Oh, I've given little thought to the matter. I know in a general way we're plantin' rubber plantations in the Philippines like we wuz allus goin' to hold 'em, but I've been so taken up with personal matters that I don't even know what's involved in India. Do you think there is any doubt about beer comin'?

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back?" Art Smiley, druggist an' ardent Republican, wuz asked if he thought ther wuz any likelihood o' the Republicans gain-



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in' a new senator in Iowa. "Oh, shoot, don't ask me. You read the papers, so tell me, what's the prospects fer beer com-in' back?" Farmer Jake Bentley wuz

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asked if he thought the activities of beet sugar senators wuz inimical to the best interests o' the country. "Search me. I'm tryin' to git my money back on a bunch o' calves I've been feedin' corn to all winter. Do you think beer'll ever return?" Joe Kite wuz asked if he thought the increased duty on straw hat braid from Italy would add to the already high cost of livin'. "You'll have to ask somebuddy else about that. Is the sentiment in favor o' beer gatherin' any momentum?" Bootlegger Ike Lark wuz found playin' checkers with Sheriff Wes Moots. He wuz asked if he thought Uncle Sam wuz outwitted at the late London peace parley. "I haven't had time to go into all the questions involved in the parley. In fact I didn' know ther wuz a parley. I've been on the go day an' night fer years an' am rusty on national affairs. I hope this talk about beer comin' back is all apple sauce."

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Our gover'ment is spendin' millions an' millions to reclaim arid deserts, an' then asks farmers to curtail all crops.



What we're in the habit o' callin' a "prince" in our country wouldn't think o' turnin' down a girl even if she only made fairly good wages.



Now that the historic ole party o' Jefferson is out o' debt an' not doin' anything it might set a fine example fer the country by livin' within its income.



A foot of one-half-inch pink adhesive tape makes dandy permanent "stay put" shoulder straps, says Miss Fawn Lippincut, who writes the "Fer Fair Woman's Eye" column in the *Weekly Slip Horn*.

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Remember how fussed up we used to git when we tied a girl's shoe?



Tell Binkley had no sooner let it be known that he would be a candidate fer sheriff till somebuddy started the story that he used to play tennis.



Lionel Pine, manager o' the Monarch 5 & 10, says he encourages his shop girls to marry, addin', "They work steadier an' are not so apt to quit."



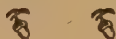
The President's crime commission must be puzzled over what to take up first—torch slayin', bootleggin', gasoline station banditry, torsoin', illicit brewin', gangster killin's, hijackin' or jest general orneryness.

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Whether the embassy is wet or dry, the average American in London will be pickled long before it ever occurs to him to call on Ambassador Dawes.



The engagement o' Kenneth Kite an' Dorothy Purviance has been called off because she fergot an' let the motor die while he wuz robbin' a fillin' station.



Nothin' shows up the slackers like a war on weeds.



"Oh, I had a purty fair time. You know ther's nearly allus some one at a party sober enough to talk to," said Mrs. Leghorn Tharp, speakin' o' the dinner given fer Mr. Burly Sap, who's soon to join the navy.

INVESTIGATIONS

IT WOULD be interestin' to know how many hundreds o' thousan's o' people there are at this very moment wonderin' whatever become o' some investigation they'd been tryin' to foller. I read where somethin's been stirred up, an' money appropriated, an' a committee appointed to investigate it, an' then I read where the committee has got under way an' that some startlin' revelations are promised, an' then nothin' ever seems to come o' it. A criminal almost reaches the electric chair, an' even then he's respited till some eleventh hour evidence is investigated, an' that's the end o' that. Sometimes I try to watch five or six investigations at once, thinkin' I'll git an outcome out o' one o' them, but they git away. Sometimes I read where some investigatin' committee

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is all through an' ready to report, but the report never does show up. I've asked fellers that wuz on investigatin' committees what they found out, but they allus mumble somethin' about a great surprise in store, an' the work o' gittin' ther report in shape. A mysterious fire is investigated, the conduct o' some office is investigated, a jail or poorhouse is investigated, a promisin' scheme, some graft or scandal, all are investigated, an' the whole community is on its toes an' nearly ever'buddy's under suspicion, an' then it all dies out. I expect lots o' folks have even gone mad tryin' to foller an' investigation. I often wonder why some feller with lots o' money an' pull an' patience don't publish a book, an' call it "Results o' Famous Investigations." A little weekly magazine givin' the findin's o' current investigations would be a big help to busy people. The other day a feller said, "Well, I see that case in Ohio

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where the owner of a five-cent theater that collapsed in 1913 has been investigated an' held responsible, but he's been dead



Ole Stuff

four years.” We recall that Tipton Bud wuz on the committee that investigated the safety o’ the ole skatin’ rink wigwam

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fer three years, an' finally had his spine injured when it caved in. When Pony Mopps wuz caught red-handed makin' elderberry wine, powerful influences got him investigated instead of arrested an' nothin' ever come o' it. Who don't recall when a committee o' citizens went clean out to Nevada to investigate a silver mine, an' long before it got its report in shape ever'buddy in town had been stung an' many suicided. We wonder how many committees have been appointed to investigate the condition o' the farmer, an' who ever heard of a report? Investigations are like rabbits—they make an awful fuss git-tin' under way, an' then they slow down an' double back an' hunt a hole.



Lon Moon is nothin' if not up-to-date, so this mornin' he bought a new Graf gray toupee.

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You'd think if a criminal judge could take a vacation these days, nobuddy's indispensable.



One of the cutest tricks I've heard of in a long time is a farmer makin' his son a full partner in the business jest as soon as he reached plowin' age.



"Oh, I know he can't play bridge, but he's such a convincin' wet," said Mrs. Leghorn Tharp, when asked why she invited Tell Binkley to her card party.



The way things are shapin' up in Washin'ton anything the farmer cleans up in the way of a debenture he'll have to pay right out again when he buys some shoes or sugar.

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"She may be a charmin' hostess, but she's got a lot to learn about bacardi," said Tell Binkley, speakin' o' Mrs. Leghorn Tharp.



"She's sufferin' from bus tremors, one o' the newfangled ailments that seem to foller progress," said Dr. Mopps to Lafe Bud.



Tryin' to find out jest why a youth o' nineteen'll risk all to rob a fillin' station o' \$13.85, or why responsible an' educated married men think they kin murder young sweethearts with impunity, is goin' to be a monumental task, but it shouldn' take President Hoover's crime commission over an hour an' a half to find out who's responsible fer all the questionable books that are floodin' the market.

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Alcoholic psychosis is nothin' more or less'n ole D. T.'s in a dinner suit.



The Smithsonian Institution is lookin' fer the man who roamed this planet at the beginnin' o' history, when Constable Plum couldn' even find three men who held up the Bloom Center bank twenty minutes afterwards.



"The reason I hate to pay an income tax is that nobuddy ever says thank you, come agin, or nothin'. You don't even see who gits it," complains Artie Small.



"I don't know what my family's goin' to do unless I insure my car an' leave it unlocked," says Joe Pine's nephew, who's been out o' work three years.

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Easy divorces have jest about put quarrelin' out o' business.



Well, one thing folks in slender circumstances kin be thankful fer an' that's an easy conscience.



Another expense we didn' used to have wuz buyin' an entirely new life of Lincoln ever' month or so.



I don't know which causes the most grief—Dame Rumor or Dan Cupid, an' ther's no way to sidestep either one.



"I recall jest as well if it wuz yisterday when my maw used our grapes to make jelly," says Lafe Bud.

AILMENTS AN' QUACKS

WHILE swappin' ailments in the Little Gem resturint the other day, the subject o' doctors came up. "I believe ther's been more change in doctors than ther has in women," declared Tell Binkley. "An' jest think o' the things that ails us today that nobuddy used to have," he continued. "It wuz no uncommon thing to have a leg sawed off when the real trouble wuz in a back tooth. Early doctors had no use fer ice an' today our doctors pack us in ice. Jest think what easy sailin' the gall bladder used to have. It wuz never suspicioned, or even located, an' what a toll it took. Tonsils wuz unmolested. A doctor wouldn' think o' blamin' a tonsil any more'n he'd blame the end of our nose. Doctors didn' know what wuz goin' on inside of us. The X-ray wuz

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unknown, but sometimes a doctor would put his ear to our chest if he heard a sus-



'Timely Warnin'

picious gurglin'. A call o' the family doctor rarely resulted in anything more'n a few comfortin' remarks an' a round box

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full o' villainous black pills left on the bureau. If we had a sore throat a red, not white, flannel bandage about the neck wuz prescribed, an' soakin' the feet in hot mustard water wuz pop'lar. The ole doctor drove a horse an' almost before he could lay his plug hat on the foot o' the bed the whole house smelled like a livery stable, a comminglin' o' horse, harness soap, an' Kendall's spavin cure. Tappin', or blood lettin', wuz common among family doctors. It's little short o' wonderful how many people lived to relate ther experiences with family doctors. They left almost as many armless an' legless victims in ther wake as the Civil War." Then Gabe Craw, landlord o' the New Palace hotel, said, "Well, sir, it's no wonder travelin' quacks filled the country an' reaped rich harvests in them days. Years ago a Dr. Wicker used to pay monthly visits an' stop at my hotel. He wuz the regulation quack,

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thick, glossy black hair, high marble forehead, full plump nose, an' the widest, blackest an' best groomed an' longest beard I've ever seen off a yak. As an extra added feature he had a wide silk cord to his nose-glasses, smelled like photographer's developer, an' wore a broadcloth Prince Albert coat. I recall that Jake Bentley called on Dr. Wicker in regard to a stitch in his side. After listenin' to Jake's heart a while he left the room. Presently he returned an' said, "My friend, you're in a bad way. You might hang on a month or you might worry along fer a year. You've got oedema o' the glottis in an advanced form, an' ther's unmistakable evidences of laryngismus stridulus. You should begin treatment at once—now." I wuz talkin' to Jake about Dr. Wicker a few days ago, an' he said, "By cracky, I wuz so scared I never did know how I got out o' that ole quack's office, but I never

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had an ache or pain since." At Chagrin Falls, Ohio, some twenty years later a spark from a locomotive ignited Dr. Wicker's whiskers, completely destroyin' the doctor, an' only the most heroic work o' firemen saved the buildin's next to him.



"I wuz awfully afraid they'd go too fer with the new tariff bill, but I see antique kimonos are still on the free list," says Joe Kite.



Mrs. Gann kin never attend a dinner with a social equal fer ther is no way o' decidin' which should sit at the right o' the host, an' you know Mrs. Gann.



Little children know who to hang around an' who to leave alone, an' they're the first ones to catch a circus in a lie.

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A friend writes that 5-cent cigars are now five cents in Muncie.



What's become o' the ole-time workman who spit on his hands?



"Now then, in a case like that does the government assume the cost o' mountin' the sail fish, or does the President have to go down in his own pocket?" asked Art Lark when he read that President Hoover wuz at Long Key, Florida.



Both poles have been discovered, forbidden Tibet has been penetrated, an' the Gobi desert has been ransacked, but no-buddy ever yit has reached the point where he could say "to h—— with ever'-buddy."

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Why they call a feller that keeps losin' all the time a good sport gits me.



"I'd no more aspire to the presidency o' Mexico than I'd climb in a school bus," says Hon. Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart.



"Please, sir, may I have a raise? I'm goin' to git married," asked Tell Binkley's stenographer this mornin'.



Women are great things. They hug an' kiss when they meet an' knock after they separate.



It seems like jest as soon as we finally learn what style o' shoe we ought to wear we die at 64.

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What becomes o' the fines an' who grabs the costs in all o' the "fines an' costs" we read so much about?



The first thing a woman asks when she hears that some feller loves his wife is, "I wonder if she loves him?"



You'd never believe Mrs. Ike Lark wuz the mother o' nine children to look at her knees.



"Oh, he's jest gone to nothin'. He got to speakin' at luncheons, let his business git away from him, tried sellin' auto polish an' failed, his wife an' children left him, an' the last time I saw him he wuz usin' perfume," said Lafe Bud, speakin' o' Burly Sap.

FAMILY ALBUMS

A LOAN exhibition under the auspices o' the ladies o' the Western Star wuz held in the Model Skatin' Rink lately. Ther one could see ole Civil War swords an' guns an' canteens, together with candle snuffers, spinnin' wheels, flint lock eskipets, stuffed owls an' jay birds, sword canes carried by Democrats at the close o' the Civil War, primitive household implements, ole books an' chromos, an' scores o' other relics, some hundreds o' years ole. All are interestin' an' have histories, but the one thing that constantly has a crowd around it is a big, fat, squeaky, faded blue plush family photergraf album belongin' to the ole Bentley family before an' durin' the dark days o' the Civil War, an' now treasured by our own Farmer Jake Bentley. In

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this ole musty repository o' whiskers, wens, an' retreatin' chins may be seen early likenesses o' Mr. Bentley's forebears an' relatives. One may see a strikin' likeness o' the first Jake Bentley seated on a fringed plush stool with his cornet restin' on one knee. Thrown carelessly across his chest like a fin is his left hand, on which may be seen three rings. The first Mrs. Jake Bentley is shown jest as she appeared at the photographer's studio at Fostoria, Ohio, in 1851. Her hair is combed back to the time of Marie Antoinette, an' the expression on her face makes her look like she was holdin' in till she passed a skunk nest. Ther's a peculiar somethin' in the expressions of all pioneer mothers. Owin' to bears an' Indians an' motherhood an' plowin' they were little given to lookin' pleasant. The ordeal o' havin' a photo struck in the early days wuz a thing to be dreaded. Only when the sun

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wuz shinin' wuz it possible to git a photo took. The early photographer an' his Windsor tie an' yeller, fluctuatin' wind-



A Father an' Off Shoots

pipe, only attempted full front views. He strived to give one his money's worth by showin' both sides o' the face. He steadied the head with clamps screwed to the skull

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jest behind the ears. Then he would arrange the arms an' legs, even up to the coat lapels, powder the cheek bones an' nose, bend the ears in place, an' tell you to concentrate on a figure in the wall-paper fer about five minutes. The thing wuz to have photos of all the family connections, cousins, aunts, an' first, second an' third husbands. Sometimes a feller would be took with his favorite gun or croquet mallet. Uncle Milt Bentley's photo shows a snare drum hangin' at his side. He wore long, trailin' side whiskers that looked like live oak moss. Ever'buddy in the album looks sad an' resentful, like they'd been photographed agin their will. But the ole album tells a wonderful story, an' it's remarkable how people dressed the way they did an' lived. Ther's a strikin' family group showin' a band stand, or summer pavilion, in the background. The elder Bentley is in the center with his legs crossed an' his left

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forward foot is three times bigger than his right foot. His whiskers have evidently been pinned down an' his lapels glued to his coat. The photo proves at least that his wife an' family wuz intact an' available. Early photographers knew nothin' about touchin' out moles, extra chins, hair lips, warts an' scars. On the contrary they emphasized 'em, played 'em up, in other words they made real likenesses. The curious thing is how any young man or woman ever used to git up nerve enough to marry into a home after lookin' through its family album.



“Oh, ther might be some triflin' difference in regard to the pearl button schedule, but aside from that the two ole parties are so identical that it's hardly worth while to vote,” declares Hon. Ex-Editur Cale Fluhart.

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Some folks jest keep hammerin' away
till they git in the electric chair.



"I hope I won't have to remodel this
fall after nearly starvin' all summer," re-
marked Miss Tawney Apple, as she
weighed in at the grocery.



Some men inherit greatness, some hustle
around an' achieve greatness, an' some
wear wide ribbons on ther nose-glasses.



A farmer is at the mercy of all the ele-
ments, droughts, late springs, wet sum-
mers, early falls, hail, lightnin', frost, not
to mention slumps. Even in a fat year
when ever'thing is breakin' fine the dan-
ger o' being gored by an angry bull is allus
imminent.

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"Be home early, an' remember that all the jails an' prisons are crowded to suffocation an' the food's fierce," said Mrs. Em Pash, as her boy started to town.



Say what you please about the devil, he's a hustler.



Nowerdays when a big, husky son throws his arms about his poor, ole tired maw, an' says: "Mother, I've come home to lift the mortgage," we don't know whether he means the one on the car or the one on the house.



The only time some women are ever seen with ther husbands is when the husbands are bein' tried fer murderin' ther sweethearts.

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I wonder if the Mediterranean fly would be interested in spinach?



The average foreign prince hain't got nothin' to trade but good-will.



The feller that carries a baby like an overcoat never misses a circus.



The jails are fuller, the poorhouses are fuller, the prisons are fuller, our courts are swamped, an' Bootlegger Ike Lark is 'way back on his orders.



"It often comes in handy to have two farms," said Jake Bentley to-day. "One fer the lawyers an' one to come back to when you're paroled."

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The most I kin say fer some figgers is they'd be justified in lyin'.



"The Grand Canyon baffles description," said Miss Fawn Lippincut, before the Nature Study Club, an' then ruined the rest o' the evenin' describin' it.



What's become o' the merry farmer who used to butter his pie?



"She seems to be a purty girl, but I'd have to see her washed up before I'd propose," said Lon Moon, Jr., as he left an orangeade stand.

DICKERIN'

DICKERIN' is almost a lost art. I kin remember when people dickered fer ever'thing they bought. If a feller would see a pair o' gum boots hangin' in front o' a store he'd go in an' say, "Al, what do you aim to git fer them gum boots hangin' out yonder?" An' Al would answer, "Well, I hardly know. What'll you give me fer 'em?" An' then the dickerin' would commence. Maybe a whole day, or the better part o' a week, would be taken up in closin' the deal. Nowadays ever'thing's marked in plain figgers. If a pair o' socks is marked twenty-five cents that settles it. Ther's no hangin' around an' biddin'. A cotton an' grass fiber overcoat used to sell fer all the way from nine dollars up t' eighteen, an' often a good keen trader could git one fer eight-seventy-five. Some-

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times it wuz nearly May before a feller got an overcoat at a figger that suited him. Sometimes a dealer would stop a feller in front o' his store an' say, "What'll you give me fer a good heavy, fleece-lined suit o' underwear?" an' mebbe make a sale. Ther wuz no fixed price fer merchandise, or labor. The only thing that had a fixed price, 'cept postage stamps, wuz a country newspaper. It wuz \$1.50 a year, payable in stovewood or pumpkins. A feller would freeze to death rather'n pay more'n he aimed to pay fer a stove. Storekeepers didn' know nothin' about costs an' overhead, an' efficiency, an' business ethics an' things. If a feller would rush in a grocery an' say, "I'll give you eight cents fer a sack o' cornmeal," the storekeeper might hesitate a minute or so an' put on a long face, but he wouldn' let the eight cents git away. A storekeeper wanted to see his stock move whether he made anything or

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not. Few merchants ever got rich, or even worked up to a horse an' buggy. If a pair



Dickerin' in the '70's

o' shoes today is tagged fifteen dollars ther's no appeal. Merchants'll kindly show you goods today, but they won't

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quibble. If you don't want to pay ten dollars fer an article they'll show you somethin' nearly like it fer five. That's as fer as they'll go. There used to be somethin' fascinatin' about startin' out in the mornin' with eight or nine dollars in your pocket to dicker fer a suit o' clothes. Ther wuz a lot o' kick in pullin' down an eighteen-dollar suit fer seven. An' the suspenders—they wuz velvet. The automobile has somewhat revived dickerin' an' tradin' in has become quite a fad. But the average feller don't know enough about machinery to git very fer in auto dickerin'. The only fine thing about tradin' your ole car in is that you git rid of your ole car. But all the necessities these days are marked in plain, cold figgers. The fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-year man knows jest exactly how fer he kin go. He kin take a lead pencil an' figger his finish. He don't waste no time hopin'. He kin look forward to the day

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when his earthly troubles'll be over if he wants to, but he don't kid himself about all the big things he's goin' to do. A good, snappy, strong-minded woman may go to market determined to pick up a cauliflower fer five cents, an' succeed, an' o' course ther's many attractive sales where lots o' things are marked down, but quibblin' an' dickerin' fer the necessities, even luxuries, o' life is a thing o' the past.



Right now ther's a little half-hearted effort bein' made to establish some sort of a feminine waist-line, but I'm afraid it's too late.



They say our young folks are jest as good as they ever were, but jest the same the *Youth's Companion* had to merge to make a livin'.

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Remember how folks used to talk about how they'd live, what they'd do, if they wuz able?



Who recalls when lovers used to stroll instead o' whiz?



If bandits didn' saw the barrels off ther shotguns they'd have some visible means o' support.



Another menace to traffic is the young squirt speeder with a scrawney, tanned arm wrapped around his windpipe.



I kin understand how some people might be mistaken fer a skunk, but gittin' shot fer a squirrel seems so uncalled fer.

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"Yes, but they wanted a girl so she'd grow up an' go to work without wastin' nine or ten years findin' herself," said Mrs. Em Moots, speakin' o' the new Purviance baby.



If you want a wife with lots o' backbone the past summer wuz the time to pick her out.



"I thought mebbe she might be fleein' from a burnin' husband," said Constable Plum, this mornin' after he'd questioned a scantily clad woman who wuz hurryin' along the street.



"Our farm wuz sold under the hammer, an', believe me, I'd certainly hate to meet death that way," said Mrs. Em Moots.

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Marry in haste an' long to be an Arctic explorer.



It's a good thing fer gazelle-eyed gold diggers that the law o' supply an' demand hain't got nothin' to do with the price o' heart balm.



"I wuz glad to git out o' Beverly Hills, Californy, 'cause you've got to keep such a strict account o' where you wuz the night before," says Leslie Hanger, who's shakin' hands with ole friends.



"Of course a farmer is beset by all sorts o' aggravations, but take him jest after he's plowed up a keg full of ole Spanish coins an' you wouldn' care to meet a pleasanter feller," declared Art Smiley.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

“WELL, well, Lile Kite’s cow died last evenin’ after a brief illness. Suppose you run over after you git your work out an’ see if ther hain’t somethin’ you kin do,” said Lester Plum to his wife, as he laid aside the local family newspaper. If ther’s one thing more’n another that’s essential to a good, well-ordered country town it’s a live, gossipy newspaper, an’ I hope I never live to see the day when it’s crowded out of existence or takes on any city airs. The big city dailies, filled with all the news o’ the outlyin’ world, Ramsay Macdonald’s speeches, highbrow scandals, endurance flights, torso mysteries, gangland feuds, Washington gossip, school bus horrors, demoralizin’ divorces, rum plots, an’ women’s views, are all right fer big noisy,

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bustlin' squirmin' centers o' population,
where ever'buddy's all right till he's put
in jail, but in the decent, quieter, an' more



News Is News

resigned settlements, fer removed from
disturbin' influences an' artificiality, the
country newspaper, with its pages crowded
with wholesome, homey news, is the

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thing. Ther's enough goin' on right under the very nose o' the general run o' humanity to keep it upset without havin' to read about all the unhappy an' disquiet-in' things which are continually besettin' the universe, such as sensational impeachments, acquitted murderesses, Calcutta riots, beer wars, missin' girls an' cashiers, family wipeouts, farm sufferers, fliers long overdue, books suppressed, an' Democratic plans for 1932. How much finer it is, how much more upliftin' to quietly set down at the close of the day an' open up an eight-page home newspaper an' read, "Gran'maw Pash is not so well today." We've known Gran'maw Pash all our lives an' we want to know how she's gittin' on. We read with pleasure that Wesley Plum has decided not to make the race fer township clerk, an' we're really glad. He's too fine a feller to mix in politics. An' here's a full account of a council meetin' to con-

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sider doin' away with the town pump. All the speeches are printed word fer word, an' here's our name printed right in with the rest. "Avery Moots is holdin' a fine heifer fer the owner, who may have the same by provin' ownership an' payin' fer this ad." This item'll catch the eye o' somebuddy that's lost the heifer an'll be the means o' unitin' 'em. But ther's not a word in the whole newspaper about the arrest o' Art Lark. I reckon the editur thinks poor ole Mrs. Lark has had her share o' trials an' tribulations an' that ther's nothin' to be gained by addin' to the load that is already breakin' her heart. Country editurs are nearly allus human. Hello, here's the weddin' notice o' Bib Kite an' Hester Bentley, givin' the names of all the guests, what they had on, what the presents wuz an' everything. O' course the editur knows this weddin' hain't goin' to hold, but he's been fair, an' started the

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young couple off the best he knowed how. An' here's a blunder: "Miss Edith Purviance has accepted a lucrative position in one of the largest millinery establishments in the east." Jest wait till she sees they didn' spell it "Edythe."



Even onions don't like some folks.



"I did intend to keep out o' jail till Emmy got married an' settled down, but it costs so blamed much that I finally decided to take my medicine," said Lon Moon, who stole a horse an' buggy years ago.



New York union grave diggers know their stuff. They walked out jest whenever' buddy wuz gittin' murdered.

ABE MARTIN'S

Ther's lots o' fun an' criticism poked at ole fools, but you take one that hain't got money an' he's as level headed as any buddy you'd care to meet.



Farmers must have made money in the past, fer they wuz allus gittin' buncoed.



Nobuddy ever fergits where he buried a hatchet.



Ever' once in a while ther's somebuddy that hain't satisfied with bein' as mean as the devil while he's alive so he writes a book to leave behind.



The durndest sensation I know of is havin' a doorknob come off in your hand.

BROADCAST

"Where do you go to find out the value of ole coins? I've got a dollar I've had ever since last Saturday," asked Lon Moon, at the pust-office window.



Among other things that's hurtin' this country today is an overproduction o' debatable questions.



Some say that the way to hold a husband is to play up to him, an' others maintain that fightin' back is the best plan, but any husband that has to be held hain't worth holdin'.



"I jest figgered it wouldn' be no harder to git an office than it is to find a job," says Lon Moon, who is out fer county treasurer.

ABE MARTIN

No matter how pleasantly we go down in our pockets nobuddy ever liked to be solicited.



Some folks think they're honest 'cause they return one lost glove.



The hardest thing these days is to keep from lookin' amazed when you price some-thin'.



What to leave bare an' what to cover seems to be the feminine question of the hour.



Why does a tire allus go flat on the side where we're liable to git bumped off changin' it?

THE AGE O' PICTURES

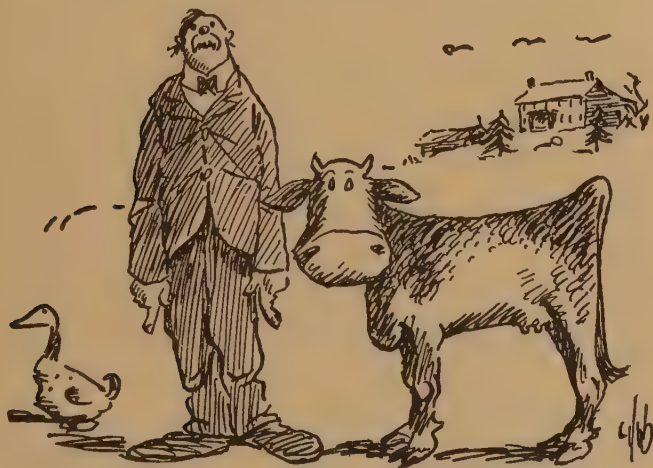
I wuz greatly distressed when I picked up my newspaper an' saw a picture o' Aaron Shot, recently appointed janitur o' the courthouse. Aaron Shot is prob'ly as fine a lookin', distinguished appearin' man as you'd meet on a world cruise, but the ole out-o'-date, flat, front view, weddin' day, scared-lookin' picture of him in the newspapers made him look like he'd murdered a whole family with a scythe an' wuz cornered in a haymow. He'll prob'ly never live down the picture, an' it'll very likely crab his gran'children. In this day an' age when most anybuddy is liable to jump into prominence, either by bein' murdered, or run over an' killed, sued fer \$500,000, held fer rum runnin', or elected, or appointed to a Hoover commission, it behooves us all, men or women, to keep an

ABE MARTIN'S

up-to-the-minute photo of ourselves in easy reach. Not a full front, or full side, Bertillon picture, but a nifty three-quarters style, maybe with the chin reclinin' in one hand, a pleasant, but no teeth showin', picture with all warts an' moles retouched out. This is a photographic age, an' cameras are cheap an' plentiful. Ther's movie cameras within reach o' all, that is they don't cost nearly as much as cars. It's quite the fad to take movies o' the whole family on the porch, or on the lawn, wherever it's possible to assemble a family. The thing to do is to make a movie o' the family once a year an' put it away fer some distant day like currant jelly or canned tomaters. As time goes by they'll be interestin' in showin' how mother has warped, how the frosts of time have rounded father's shoulders, an' how the children have lengthened an' widened. The picture's the thing. Ever'buddy likes

BROADCAST

to look at a picture whether it's a demolished car, a newly appointed game warden, a prominently mentioned Republican, a



An Agriculturalist an' Prize Heifer

nice lookin' young feller held fer slayin', or what not. Newspaper readers almost demand pictorial art with ther readin' matter. They kin tell by a feller's picture whether he's guilty months before his

ABE MARTIN'S

trial, they kin tell how a young groom or bride'll turn out from ther pictures. Camera men are ever' where today, at funerals, weddin's, corner-stone layin's an' ever'where ther's any news lurkin'. Folks who don't like to go to the trouble o' goin' to a photergraph gallery should at least keep dolled up an' prepared fer a snapshot. Great public men love to be photoed, an' are on ther guard at all times, hair combed, pants pressed, tie on straight, chins wiped off, an' vests dry cleaned. While Mr. Coolidge is a man o' few words he wuz long on bein' photoed, an' no matter how pressin' the nation's problems wuz he allus tossed them aside fer the camera men. Whether standin' by an Indian squaw, an airdale dog, or holdin' a lovin' cup one could not tell by his expression whether we wuz on the verge o' war with Mexico, whether he'd jest broken another stogie, or wuz considerin' a third term.

BROADCAST

While he wuz a silent man he wanted ever'buddy to see, the moment they picked up ther newspaper, that the gover'-ment at Washington still lived. While the camera never lies, the photergrapher kin blur out an Adam's apple, line up a nose an' reduce the number o' chins to any figure you desire.



Girls are gittin' a lot o' tannin' these days, but not the sort that's comin' to 'em.



Ther's some talk o' \$2 paper suits fer men, but what I'm fully expectin' any day is isinglass dresses fer women.



What's worse'n gittin' all set to vote intelligently an' then have a votin' machine bluff you out of it?

ABE MARTIN'S

If some folks had to repay the ideas they borrow they'd never make the grade.



"I don't think our people generally are so set against peace. They're jest naturally fed up on courts," says Hon. Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart, speakin' o' the London parley.



If Ambassador Morrow's daughter had married a trapeze artist she would have had at least her forenoons on the ground.



Recall when it used to be goin' some to beat a pustal card?



Anyhow when Mussolini resigns a portfolio we know he wuzn' fired.

BROADCAST

Wayne Kite is a most considerate an' polite feller to meet socially, but comin' toward you in his auto jest seems to literally transform him.



"An' jest as I pulled up to shoot I happened to think that ther hain't no yaks in this country, so I lowered my gun," said Ike Soles, who came within an ace o' shootin' a life-long Democrat lately.



Who ever heard of a beauty doctor tellin' any one it wouldn' be necessary to come back any more?



"Let's eat where ther hain't no durn women. Cigarette smoke makes me sick," said Tell Binkley, as he took a tornado insurance prospect to lunch.

ABE MARTIN

A Model T town is one where the grocer gits you the first time when you ask fer cove oysters.



While dismantlin' the ole Cleveland an' Hendricks club room buildin' this week workmen unearthed four hundred an' twenty soup bowls, which were soon put in commission by the township trustees.



"My, but I'm tired. I've been shoppin' around all day tryin' to find a doctor that'll let me smoke," said Joe Kite as he dropped in a chair at the hotel.



"I'll go if Sen. Brookhart won't be there," said Lafe Bud, when asked to attend a dinner fer Jake Bentley, who almost sold his farm yisterday.

FAMILY REUNIONS

LILE KITE's nephew is here from Yuma, Arizony, to attend the family reunion, makin' the trip in less'n two days an' a half. The tail end o' summer is the season fer family reunions, when ther's jest enough snap in the mornin' air to make us step lively an' git the potato salad packed an' snuggled away in the car. Potato salad makes a dandy ballast fer man or car. It is not allus so easy to find enough relatives on speakin' terms to have a family reunion, but where it's possible to recruit forty-five or fifty kinsmen who're fairly friendly toward one another an' herd 'em in some sylvan retreat it makes a mighty fine spectacle. Automobiles have rather tamed down the family reunion. Ther ain't the huggin' an' kissin', an' handshakin' among relatives that ther

ABE MARTIN'S

used to be in the horse an' buggy days when mebbe a couple o' aunts, or an uncle an' nephew, wouldn't see one another from



Gossipin' on the Edges

one year's end to another. Folks with autos know that they kin see ther gran'-paws, or aunts, or cousins, any time they want to, so a big, annual gittin' together hain't got the appeal it used to have. In

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lots o' instances, too, where we know we kin hop in a car an' put our hands on an aunt or uncle any ole time we feel like it, we jest keep puttin' it off an' puttin' it off till sometimes we never see 'em. The big, fine, inspirin' thing about a family reunion, next to the potato salad, is seein' all the relatives on both sides o' the family in one mighty group. What a study o' chins an' knees an' waist-lines. Ther never wuz a family reunion dinner that started on the dot. Somebuddy's allus late, held back by a sick cow, or maybe a roofin' tack in a tire. Men folks allus git so impatient an' whip out ther watches, or look at the sun, when a meal is held up. An' ther's allus some delay in selectin' a site fer the spread. Lots o' relatives object to settin' down in a bed o' pennyroyal to eat while others are bitterly opposed to rag weeds, an' nothin's funnier than a flapper settin' down on a thistle, so it's fun to

ABE MARTIN'S

watch an explorin' party o' women folks tryin' to find a nice, shady, grassy, level spot where the olives won't roll or the coffee pot tip over. No family reunion dinner ever got fairly under way before somebuddy upset the cream, an' ther's allus at least one round, three-chinned aunt or uncle who prefers to eat off a stump or runnin' board rather'n try to sit down an' git up again. "Oh, boy, who made these biscuits?" an' "I didn' know whether to put onions in my potato salad or not," an' "Gran'maw takes hers black. I remember that from our last reunion," an' "Don't all of you fergit to ask me to read a letter from Amos. He jest couldn' git away to be with us," an' "Kill that spider, Cecil, before it gits in the smearcase," are jest a few o' the stereotyped family reunion exclamations that ring through the trees an' across the wild moor.

BROADCAST

I'd like to see a prison census showin' among other things such as schoolin' an' environment, how much money each criminal had when he wuz convicted.



Lester Hanger has a charge account at the Monarch 5 & 10, an' now when a mouse trap don't work, or a piece o' jewelry turns green, he kin return it without a lot o' quibblin'.



It's strange our gover'ment couldn' convict Doheny. It's got more money than he has.



Juries are surely soakin' it to women these days, but since the beginnin' o' time all great struggles fer emancipation have been filled with tragedies.

ABE MARTIN'S

Marriage used to spoil careers, but nowadays success seems to depend on three or four of them.



One thousan', five thousan', ten thousan', the newspapers allus use round figures in reportin' Chinese casualties.



Stew Nugent, on parole, takes no chances, an' allus wires to Michigan City Prison fer a reservation before attemptin' a bank holdup.



"I'm not a bit uneasy about her, but I think she had a premonition fer she put on her flat-heeled shoes before leavin' home this mornin'," said Mrs. Pony Mopps, when midnight came an' no daughter.

BROADCAST

Remember how the late President Wilson wuz hooted when he said that the "hard times" wuz largely psychological?



Ther's no use talkin', Lindbergh gits all the breaks. He taught his wife to fly an' they're still speakin'.



Mrs. Leghorn Tharp has a daughter that's a trusty in a swell eastern school fer girls.



One o' the earliest mergers o' which ther is any record is sour kraut an' spare ribs.



If women wuz as smart as they're cracked up to be they'd go back to shoe-top skirts an' kick up now an' then.

ABE MARTIN

Mrs. Lile Kite, who tried to find a hat an' accessories to go with an egg-plant ensemble, wuz taken to the insane asylum today.



We had jest as many hypocrites when open saloons flourished, fer I remember acute alcoholism wuz allus called "a complication o' diseases."



Oh, fer the good ole orderly days when the very worst thing you could call a feller wuz a horse thief.



"It's purty expensive, but ther's some stuff comin' in from Canada that'll take that off," said Joe Pine, as he watched Elmer Kite tryin' to clean a hat.

THE PIONEER MOTHER

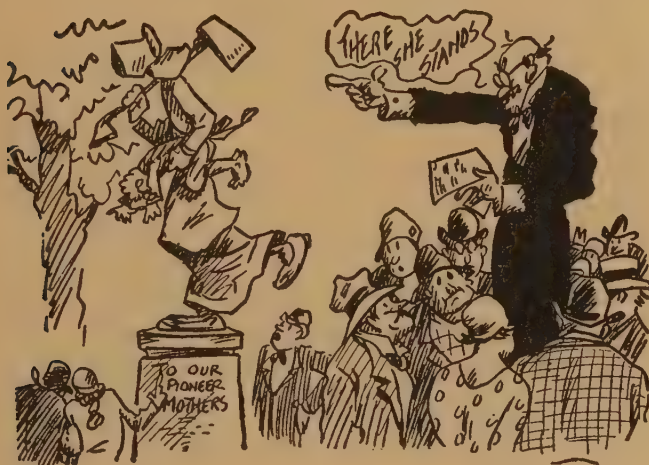
A MONUMENT to the pioneer mothers of America wuz unwrapped with fittin' ceremonies in the woods west o' the saw mill one day recently. Hon. Ex-Editur Cale Fluhart wuz the orator o' the occasion, an' among other things he said: "Our nation has been shamelessly remiss about doin' somethin' to perpetuate the memory o' the stalwart heroines who built up the great west. Too much bunk has been written about Davy Crockett, Wild Bill, General Custer, Daniel Boone, an' other picturesque long-haired wing shots, an' scarcely anything about the brave, noble, dauntless wives, mothers, an' sweethearts who trudged across our continent in bunglesome, creakin' covered wagons drawn by bony, downcast oxen. There they sat,

ABE MARTIN'S

hemmed in by pots an' kettles an' bed clothes, an' mebbe a favorite bureau or cookstove, with ther eyes glued on the western horizon, while ther husbands stumbled along on foot an' prodded the slobberin' oxen. It is related o' the pioneer women that never once did they look back durin' the long, joltin', dusty, dangerous trip to the vast open spaces o' the west. The past, with all its joys an' comforts, its society, warm homes an' good eats, lay behind the brave, square-jawed women, fer they were ridin' toward a new day, they were follerin' the weary, bewhiskered, dusty, adventurous men they'd promised to love, honor an' obey. Hostile Injuns lay ambushed in the mountain passes an' in the tall grass, rattle snakes were plentiful, coyotes an' wolves were ever at hand an' ready to attack a lame ox. Swollen rivers an' streams, bumpy prairie dog villages, cactus an' sagebrush, retarded the

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progress o' the cumbersome wagons, while sage-tainted antelope steaks wuz a daily fare. Scarcely nothin' has been written



A Well Earned Monument

about the tired, round-shouldered women, many of them mothers with five or six kids, who braved hardships durin' the winnin' o' the west that make the ill-starred Franklin expedition to the north

ABE MARTIN'S

pole seem like a week-end at Madison, Indiana. Women bore all the brunt in buildin' up the great empire to our west. They were dumped out on boundless prairies with nothin' to carry on with but an ax, a shovel, some pots an' kettles, an' a plow. They lived in sod houses. Often water wuz ten miles off. Who wuz ther to coax our pioneer men to stay on the job but the women folks? Who stood behind ther husbands an' urged 'em to keep a stiff upper lip when grass-hoppers eat up one crop after another? Not one-tenth enough has been written about the super-women who follered ther men folks into the great unknown, who made possible cities like Broken Bow, Nebraska; Joplin, Missouri; Billin's, Montana, an' hundreds o' other great centers o' wealth. Scarcely anything at all has been done by sculptors to play up the women who in the late '40's bade farewell to civilization, climbed on

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the front seat an' focused ther eyes on the settin' sun without even blinkin'. Think o' the noses that were burnt to a crisp durin' the long, bumpy trip toward the hot settin' sun. Aside from a lot of gorgeous sunsets, what did our women ever git in return fer all they endured in the conquest o' the west?"



What the public's concerned about is a criminal's behavior when he's on parole, an' not when he's in prison. The criminal who don't behave when he's locked up an' under guard hain't very cunnin'.



Wes Moots an' wife are visitin' kin-folks in the southeastern part o' the state an' may rob a few banks before Mr. Moots returns to his duties in the laboratories o' the Acme Tile Works.

ABE MARTIN'S

Iona, the baby daughter o' Mrs. Leghorn Tharp, president o' the Colonial Bridge Club, wuz seriously crushed when a stack of unwashed dishes toppled over on her.



The name, Jouett Shouse, o' the Democratic national executive committee, sort o' makes a life-long Democrat feel like the party wuz slippin' away from him.



If the Prince o' Wales wuz poor an' still undecided about becomin' an electrical engineer or a doctor he'd been married long ago.



"I'd hate to have a government job in Washin'ton an' not know who to eat by," says Miss Tawney Apple.

BROADCAST

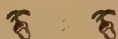
Sometimes the other feller's prosperity is purty hard to stand too.



"It jest seems like I can't wrap this stuff so it won't look like a quart," said Tell Binkley, as he fumed an' fretted over some underwear fer the laundry.



No matter how many blameless an' costly poles are demolished, our sympathies allus go straight to the reckless drivers instead o' the utilities.



Some o' these times when the Roosevelt boys an' ther whiskers git back from Tibet they're goin' to be mistaken fer some o' the queer specimens they bring back an' find 'emselves stuffed an' propped up in a museum.

ABE MARTIN'S

If you want to git rid o' somebuddy jest tell 'em somethin' fer ther own good.



Those who retire to private life these days hardly recognize the place.



"I never dreamed the marriage would stick. He's a good enough feller, but he don't know a thing in the world about cookin'," said Mrs. Joe Kite, speakin' o' the Lark separation.



Human life an' turnips remain cheap an' plentiful.



All sugar daddies hain't silly ole easy marks. Fer instance, ther's Senator Smoot, of the Utah beet belt.

BROADCAST

Constable Plum arrested Buck Purviance fer drivin' a motor car while "tolerant."



The average married man knows who holds the up-in-the-air endurance record.



I'll say this fer adversity—people seem to be able to stand it, an' that's more'n I kin say fer prosperity.



Another thing we didn' used to have in the ole "lips that touch wine shall never touch mine" open doggery days is the "social room."



Well, how do you like your legs, fuzzy or ducoed?

CRIME NOTES

TELL BINKLEY's brother, who lives out in the Black Hills, has written to him sayin' he'd like to pay him a visit but he's afraid he'd be murdered an' robbed if he came east. Mrs. Tipton Bud's niece, o' Texas, who's visitin' her, swoons ever' time she hears a tire bust, an' yit we folks here at home walk around the street with seven or eight dollars in our pockets an' mebbe a flat, yellor diamond on our fingers, jest as if ther wuzn' no bandits. Lon Moon tried to buy a pair o' shoes, sayin' he'd pay fer them Saturday, an' the shoe dealer said, "Nothin' doin'. How do I know you won't be murdered before Saturday?" Al Moots' ribs are all black an' blue from havin' revolvers poked in 'em. He drives a taxi. Cashier Lester Kite is back at his bullet-riddled post at the bank. He's still

BROADCAST

bleached an' hoarse from his long confinement in the damp vault, an' he's still wearin' handcuffs, as Blacksmith Luther Bent-



Ther Wuz Somethin' Human about Jack Dalton

ley, who has the handcuff filin' contract with the bank, has been kidnaped. But ther's lots o' little jobs he kin perform about the bank, such as watchin' out fer

ABE MARTIN'S

boys around twenty-one, an' turnin' farmers down. Tilford Moots shot a woman Saturday night. He wuz walkin' along an' felt a poke in his back, an' turned an' fired, but it wuz only the woman's umbreller. The doctors are still pickin' shot out of Longmont Meadows, treasurer o' the Excelsior Tile Works, who wuz surprised a few days ago while makin' up his payroll. They expect to finish up this week unless they run into a new lead when he's turned over. Miss Tawney Apple, o' the movie the-ater box-office, is still sufferin' from shell-shock. A toy balloon busted in the lobby o' the the-ater an' she lost her memory. Bob Purviance, chain grocery collector, is cockeyed from lookin' in revolvers. Mrs. Lafe Bud thought she heard a burglar an' got out o' bed, an' sure enough she got her legs filled with shot. Ever' once in a while I miss a familiar figure an' find out that her folks had sent

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her fer some bread or soap chips early in May an' have never seen her since. Joe Pine, county lake dragger, hain't had a vacation fer two years. Nearly ever'buddy parks ther car under a lamp post, fearin' to go in ther garages after 7 P.M. Mrs. Ike Lark, who swallowed her dinner ring before venturin' in her home a few nights ago, will go under the knife soon. Jesse James an' Billy the Kid never used to kill anybuddy unless they wuz pursued or trapped, an' even Jack Dalton wuz allus slow to kill a woman, but the nifty lookin' young white-collar bandit o' this day an' age don't think no more o' human life than he does a German silver huntin' case watch.



One o' the commonest an' most pop'lar mistakes is thinkin' your worries are over when your children git married.

ABE MARTIN'S

I kin remember when we could smell a feller fer two miles after he come out of a barber shop.



Those who've seen Lionel Kite's fourth wife say she's pleasant enough, but a poor paint job.



One good thing—papaws are not plentiful.



"Socks are allus too long; neckties are too funny lookin'; cigars are never the kind we smoke; gloves are either too big or too little, an' most ever'buddy's got a muffler—I really do believe a Christmus card is the safest bet after all, an' besides they make it easier to reciprocate," says Lafe Bud.

BROADCAST

It's better to change your attitude an' pay some heart balm than to be dug up later an' analyzed.



May is jest like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It returns ever' year an' fools us again.



Somehow or other children who eat safety pins seem to prefer the open ones.



I don't see why more farmers don't jump into grand opery. It's subsidized an' the seasons are short.



I recall hearin' the word "brat" when I wuz a youngster, but it didn' have nothin' like the wide general application it enjoys today.

ABE MARTIN'S

It would be fun to know what per cent. the wheat-raisin' farmer gits out of a \$10 straw hat.



Don't you wish you'd listened to that life insurance agent you almost kicked out of your office thirty years ago?



"Women's work is never done" is right. She's allus rubbin' off or comin' apart.



The way o' the transgressor hain't so hard if he can jist manage to involve the right people.



Considerin' its great size, Canton, Chiny, pays very little more fer protection than an American beer ring.

BROADCAST

They're gittin' after grape raisers, an' pryin' into barley growin', so it's only a question o' time till those harborin' dandelions'll be on the green carpet.



Ther hain't no argyment about the girl of today havin' plenty o' back-bone, but ther is considerable discussion as to what she expects to gain by exposin' her knees.



If ther's anything at all in a name Garl Biffle, who's been arrested fer perjury in connection with some nasty scrape in Californy, will prob'ly be found guilty.



"Show me a heroin pill an' I'll show you the makin's of a potential murderer," said Constable Plum, in discussin' the "brains" o' the Skunk Ridge bank murder.

DRUNKENNESS IN THE DAYS OF YORE

EVER' now an' then some flabby, sad-faced, iron-gray feller with a baggy vest an' blue-veined nose becomes melancholy an' reminiscent an' sighs an' growls that it's too d——d bad a feller can't walk in an open saloon an' buy a drink like a gentleman. He likes to tell about the days when liquor wuz sold over the counter in grocery stores, when ever' well-regulated home had liquor in the pantry an' nothin' wuz thought of it. He recalls that no harvest field wuz complete without its liquor jug, an' that good, pure, honest liquor sold fer 80 cents a gallon, an' drunkenness wuz unheard of. "Ther's allus been drunkenness," declares Niles Turner, 103. "Ever' little community used to have its town drunkards. Rip Van Winkle wuz a famous

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drunkard long before my day. The Indians wuz great drunkards. To be sure, liquor sold as low as 25 cents a gallon. It



Father, Dear Father, Etc.

wuz sold at grist mills, at dry goods counters, an' ever'where. I recall ther wuz a bar in the pust-office in my town. All grocery an' queensware stores specialized on

ABE MARTIN'S

good liquor, an' on Saturday nights the sidewalks would be covered with spilled hominy, an' sugar, an' cornmeal. Occasionally some feller would try to git home with a set o' dishes, or a new lamp. Lawyers would fall out o' ther office windows, an' judges would walk in open coal-holes. Ther wuz lots o' drunkenness among professional men, an' black eyes wuz as common as flowin' mustaches. Our leadin' attorney, Sim Lindsey, allus fell out of his office at the close o' the day, an' no one ever walked under his office windows. The Fourth o' July, or any big day, wuz allus marked by drunkenness an' fist fights, but circus day wuz the day of days, an' long before the pe-rade got started drunken fellers wuz piled three deep under ever' tree in the courthouse yard. Horses an' oxen stood in the blisterin' sun while ever' livery stable stall wuz taken over by drunkards. 'Put on your mittens an' com-

BROADCAST

forter an' go to the grocery an' git a sack o' cornmeal an' your father,' a mother used to say in the ole days when liquor wuz so cheap an' pure an' monopolized an honored shelf in ever' cupboard. Nobuddy used to think o' puttin' on a new suit without first gittin' 'tight.' Ever' little new or unusual experience wuz an excuse fer gittin' tanked. Wearin' a plug hat wuz purty tryin' if you wuz sober. But drunkenness wuz common when liquor wuz sold openly an' proudly right along with cowhide boots, calico an' brown sugar. An' even if we did walk in an' buy good, 10-year-ole, 80-cent liquor like gentlemen, we nearly allus got thrown out on our necks, or woke up in a livery stable."



Some words are worked, an' worked, an' overworked till they don't mean anything. Fer instance, the word "service."

ABE MARTIN'S

Constable Plum has padlocked Joe Means' auto till he buys some coal an' shoes fer his family.



"Girls of today look lots better in the winter than they used to in the ole sleigh-ridin' days o' runnin' noses an' cracked cheeks," says Tell Binkley.



Conscience is that invisible somethin' that warns us that we're either goin' to git poisoned or catch the dickens when we git home.



"Well, I hope no muckrakin' biographer comes along an' spoils my impressions of Daniel Boone fer me," said Gran'-maw Pash, as she finished readin' a new life o' Peter the Great.

BROADCAST

When we do see a nice, well-kept, prosperous-lookin' farm we find that it's the plaything o' some town plutocrat.



It's hard enough to git somethin' fer somethin', not to mention somethin' fer nothin'.



The less ther is back o' some folks the better front they put up.



Some folks should live in non-shatter glass houses.



Ever' new incomin' president, or governor, or mayor, should make it a rule not to appoint anybuddy that hain't got an up-to-date photergraph fer the newspapers.

ABE MARTIN'S

A flash-light picture of a banquet makes ever'buddy look like a turnip.



If they do fix it so the buyer'll be jest as guilty as the seller what about the status o' the folks who drop in in the evenin'?



'Bout the only laws that cut any ice these days are the unwritten laws.



It's all right to be public-spirited an' full o' civic pride, an' a leader o' men, but the feller who attends strictly to his own business an' pays his debts is any town's best asset.



Why do folks with rooms to rent allus prefer gents?

BROADCAST

Henry Ford, Bootlegger Ike Lark an' Charley Schwab all say that business is good, but I wuz talkin' to Joe Pine an' he says the saw mill is runnin' behind.



Mrs. Leghorn Tharp's famous millionaire uncle is visitin' her an' he's as easy to approach as a whisky warehouse watchman.



"Why, if you dropped a lighted cigarette in here you'd burn up quicker'n the Smith Brothers," said Fire Marshal Os Grub, in orderin' Elmer Small to move his tailor shop.



I guess Wes Hanger has got a purty fine son, fer I read where he's wanted in Kansas, an' Ohio is tryin' to hold him.

NOISE

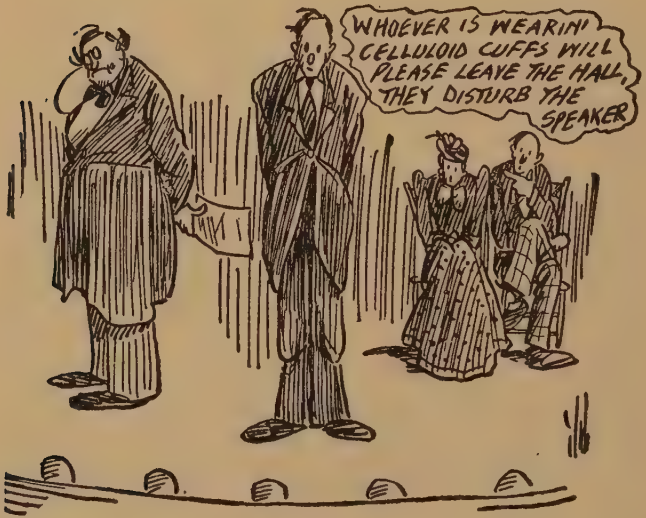
IT HARDLY seems longer ago than yister-day since a storm o' protest went up if some thrifty home owner got up at 5 A.M. an' cut his grass. Today we couldn' hear a lawn mower at 5 A.M., not even if it wuz runnin' over a brick sidewalk, on account o' all the other, nocturnal noises, poker parties, endurance fliers, police sirens, hog trucks, radios, motorcycles an' horse-drawn milk wagons. Lawn mowers, trombone practicin', croquet games, scissors grinders, an' screech owls used to make all the noise. Sometimes a pair o' celluloid cuffs would disturb a sermon or confuse a lecturer, an' sometimes a hilarious lawn party where croquet wuz played by torchlight would break the sleep of elderly people fer some blocks around. Maybe it jest seems like it, or mebbe they hain't so easily

BROADCAST

heard these days, but I believe there used to be more practicin' on the trombone. Trombone practicin'll even disturb a cow, often causin' her milk to sour. This is a fast, slap-bang age, an' people laugh at us if we complain o' noise. Police sirens are the worst offenders when it comes to disturbin' rest, 'cept police motorcycles. The police siren is the best thing fer wife beaters an' burglars that has come along. A wife beater kin hear a siren eight miles away, an' it gives him plenty o' time to make up with his wife. Sometimes when the police arrive he's huggin' an' kissin' her. Burglars work along till they hear a siren, an' then they leisurely git ther loot together an' climb in ther car an' start the engine. Sometimes they'll change a tire, or clean ther sparkplugs, before leavin' the scene o' ther crime. It's the same with puffin' an' snortin' motorcycles. Footpads jest drag ther victims behind some shrub-

ABE MARTIN'S

bery till they pass. Joe Pine gits up ever' mornin' by a hog truck instead of an alarm



A Polite Request

clock. He used to git up by an iron-tired milk wagon, but he finally got used to it. Buses are fine awakeners 'cept they jar the pictures off the wall. When you git up at

BROADCAST

5 to hang the pictures one might as well stay up. Ther's less noise between 7 and 10 P.M. than at any other time o' the day. That's before the young folks git to goin' an' bandits stir about. Home poker parties are fine rest disturbers in thickly congested neighborhoods. Cocktail shakers are bad fer light sleepers in thin, poorly constructed apartment houses. The noise o' cocktail, or gin fizz shakers'll penetrate the tiniest crack or keyhole an' travel through apartments in an almost unbelievable way. We all know what the early radio'll do. Bandit Stew Nugent says the only time he ever got caught red-handed wuz when a police siren jammed an' refused to function.



A woman is the most confusin' thing. She'll kill her husban's vote an' turn right around an' charge a new dress to him.

ABE MARTIN'S

"Which has been the greatest factor in rehabilitatin' the home, brewin' or the radio?" is to be threshed out by the Apple Grove Debatin' Club.



In enthusin' over our wonderful progress don't fergit that among other things the route to the devil has been shortened about two-thirds.



"Oh, I might take a drink in an embassy, but as a rule I don't take any chances," said Leghorn Tharp at a silver weddin'.



One good thing about the present-day cost o' livin'—the feller that fergits his change don't lose half as much as he used to.

BROADCAST

"I'd git an auto if I thought ther wuz room fer another one," drawled ole Wash Pusey.



Don't anybuddy cut any ice in Washington 'cept Senator Borah?



I'll bet it makes a rich man's heirs rave when he finances grand opery or a polar expedition.



The feverish demand fer industrial alcohol don't look much like business wuz lettin' down.



The wages o' sin are disgracefully low considerin' the brand o' banditry we're gittin' these days.

ABE MARTIN'S

"I've washed ther faces an' combed ther hair, but I hain't goin' to be responsible fer puttin' 'em on the school bus," said Mrs. Pop Angel, to her husband as a horn sounded in front o' ther home.



The 100 per cent. all-talkie Art Embroidery Club has split up Art Lark an' his wife.



Today a feller kin git a tank full o' gas, two hamburger sandwiches, put his car in a down-town garage, an' take his girl to a talkie, fer about half o' what we used to pay to see a "New York success."



Sittin' up exercises makes us feel good, but you've got to be mighty careful about who sets 'em up.

BROADCAST

I've only met Constable Plum's new deputy once, but he smells like a good, law-abidin' citizen.



"Did he pass out or get knocked out?" asked Tell Binkley, when he heard o' Dink Botts' death.



Ex-President Coolidge has caught the spirit an' 'll aid in keepin' the wheels turnin' by writin' a history o' the U. S., to be carved on stone, thus givin' some poor stone cutter a couple o' hours' work.



"My experience has been that you can't poison an English sparrow without poisonin' two or three innocent robins," declares Tell Binkley, in denouncin' the proposal to dope industrial alcohol.

JERUSALEM FALLS SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT

THE Jerusalem Falls School had closed fer the plowin' season. An' elaborate ceremonies marked the event. Many examples o' the scholars' handiwork wuz displayed before the real exercises began. A fine, carved milkin' stool by Clyde Watts elicited much extravagant praise, while a beautiful nut cake contrived by Anilene Moots made all mouths water. "My Father," a crayon portrait by Wilbur Purviance, showed unmistakable talent of an unusual sort, the whiskers treatment causin' 'em to stand out an' spread in a most natural manner. The lapels wuz a trifle stiff an' showed too much effort, but the work as a whole wuz admired by all. A "welcome" door mat by the Misses Lark, Queenie an' Opal, showed much patience

BROADCAST

an' a fine appreciation o' color. The sensation o' the display wuz a complete radio receivin' set made by Master Norman Lark, aged seven, at an actual cost o' thirty-seven cents. The graduation class consisted o' three pupils, as follows: Grover Cleveland Mopps, Geraldine Farrar Bud, an' Knowlton Prentiss Swallow. Dr. Wilt Wiley, o' Tulip, delivered an impressive baccalaureate address, puttin' much force an' emotion in his words. He told the graduates ther play days wuz now at an end, an' thet the real work o' life wuz before 'em. "Never since the ant mounds of India took shape, or at least since I've been a servant of the Lord, has ther been a less propitious time to turn a lot o' graduates loose in the world," said he, an' continuin', "Never before has ther been such an abundance o' work fer idle hands. The very air is charged with mischief an' ther's allurin' temptations lurkin' on all sides.

ABE MARTIN'S

Conditions fer goin' wrong were never as ideal. You'll prob'ly have to hang around fer a long time till the labor market gits



Farewell to School-Days

right, till new fields o' opportunity show 'emselfes. Don't marry too soon. Many seemin'ly profitable occupations'll beckon you, bootleggin', literature, politics an' car pilferin'. You are rich in knowledge, but

BROADCAST

only the strongest heart, the most unyield-in' will-power, will tide you through our present orgy o' crime. To Miss Geraldine Farrar Bud I wish to say, don't think too much o' clothes. Fight off any cravin' fer personal adornment, an' remember that all things comes to her who waits. But be careful where you wait. To you, Grover Cleveland Mopps, shun the weed, but if you must smoke, use cigars, as the deadly fumes o' the pipe are drawn too directly into the mouth. Much that the cigar itself absorbs goes to the throat directly through a pipe. To Knowlton Prentiss Swallow I want to say this, git a car in the regular way, buy it an' meet your payments regularly like a man. I want you all to watch your steps, keep stiff upper lips, an' you may reach maturity generally respected." With these words Dr. Wiley rested his case. Knowlton Prentiss Swallow read a paper on the curious fish life o' the gulf

ABE MARTIN'S

stream; Geraldine Farrar Bud spoke without notes on Tibetan home life, while Grover Cleveland Mopps told of the wonderful work that's been done in collectin' the skulls o' the first man, an' also touched on the bird life o' the Gobi desert.



A pedestrian is mostly some one who'd rather walk than try to park flat to curb.



Next to rememberin' how many calories you've got comin' to you fer supper, the hardest thing is tryin' to keep house an' be a bandit.



"Oh, I fergot to ask him if he's still married," said Lafe Bud, speakin' o' Artie Lark, who'd jest got back from his weddin' trip.

BROADCAST

Ther seems to be plenty o' money fer ever'thing but necessities.



Ever' time I see a picture of a big game hunter sittin' on a fallen rhinoceros I wonder if he could hit a rabbit.



Ther's considerable anxiety about Miss Mame Moon, who is known to have arrived safely in Floridy, but who hain't written back a thing about strawberries.



What the whole country would like to know is this—when Chicago's police chief calls in all the known local racketeers, thugs an' murderers ever' day or so fer questionin' why don't he lock 'em up, or deport 'em, or at least confiscate ther pine-apples?

ABE MARTIN'S

"They'll do to wear evenin's but I don't want to be hampered with no long split-bottom skirt when I pass a hotel," says Miss Tawney Apple.



Marryin' is ticklish business. Libbie Purviance, who got married jest to keep from bein' an ole maid, wants her pre-war name back.



"Jest wait till they make prohibition obnoxious," said Less Pine, "an' then you will hear some squawkin'."



Ever' cloud has a silver linin'. Durin' the World War we laughed at the newly rich, an' now in the wake o' the Wall Street crash comes the newly poor to amuse us.

BROADCAST

Some folks go to Floridy ever' winter, an' others say: "Another winter'll never ketch me in this climate."



Another fine thing about the mothers of yisterday—they knit instead o' playin' cards when they gossiped.



"I hardly know how to act in a house," says Lafe Bud, who has jest moved out of a one-way apartment.



How's it come we don't hear nothin' about widenin' the primrose path?



"Put him back in the crowd," said Judge Pusey, in remittin' the jail sentence o' Bootlegger Ike Lark.

BENTON SAP, PROMINENTLY MENTIONED

OWIN' to the fact that Benton Sap's name has been prominently mentioned in connection with so many important posts an' commissions, curiosity led me to pay a quiet visit to his home, "The Willows." The Sap home is on the Mudsock pike, about eighteen miles due west from Bloom Center, an' about twenty-two miles from the nearest willow tree. The house, a plain frame affair set well back from the road, is reached by a ramblin' driveway through a cat-tail swail. The outbuildin's, hog house, chicken coop, barn, smokehouse, etc., were erected in 1842 an' are still standin'. I wuz greeted by Mrs. Sap, a thin, long-haired woman with a comely face, concave chest, an' seven youngsters nearin' school age. "My man's been

BROADCAST

called to Washin'ton to attend a sheep dip conference," said Mrs. Sap, as she invited me into the parlor where many evidences o' gentle blood greeted the eye—a glass cane, a picture of Pharaoh's Horses, heavily-framed crayon reproductions of her forebears, an' a what-not filled with Indian darts, shells an' fancy gourds. Through the door the remains of a hearty breakfast could be seen. Buckwheat cakes, sorghum, eggs, bread, apple butter, pie, an' layer cake. "We're short o' help. One would think that folks would jump at a chance to work, but the harder times is the harder it is to git help. They say they'll come, an' then they seem to hide," said Mrs. Sap. "What does Mr. Sap think o' the liquor problem, if it is a fair question?" I ventured. "Well, he's like most drys. He thinks ever'buddy else is better off without it." "Will you curtail any crops this year, Mrs. Sap?" I asked. "Well,

ABE MARTIN'S

we'll cut down on rhubarb an' lettuce, an' we may raise jest enough wheat to pay fer our oleomargarine." "Is your



Benton Sap

husban' considerin' any o' the many flatterin' mentions he has had in connection with President Hoover's various commissions?" "Well, yes an' no. It's a question whether I'd want to raise my

BROADCAST

children in Washin'ton, but I allus say, 'Now, Paw, I hain't goin' to interfere with your career. If you think you kin serve your country go ahead, an' I'll make out somehow.' ” “Has Mr. Sap allus been interested in great gover'mental problems?” I put to her. “He wuzn' doin' anything when I married him. He'd only been out o' college eight years. Then I inherited this farm an' we moved on to it. He had a lot o' ideas about the possibilities o' farmin'. First he tried Belgian hares, then squabs, an' then silver foxes, but great reclamation an' conservation projects took up his spare time. He's got four schemes fer international peace, an' at the present time he's greatly exercised o'er the soy bean activity in Manchuria, a development that threatens the very life of the American farm.” “How is your man on farm relief?” I asked. “He's workin' on that now. Good-by, I smell my bread burnin'.”

ABE MARTIN'S

Girls are gittin' so plentiful an' so standardized that they have to be mighty bow-legged to git a second look.



Nothin's impossible—ther's even such a thing as a popular dead beat.



Farmer Jake Bentley complains that he's goin' to have too many cherries, so if it hain't one thing on a farm it's another.



A Tennessee grocer wuz clubbed to death with a wagon spoke fer tryin' to hug a girl without the use o' gin.



Another peculiar thing about agriculture—the better the crops the poorer the farmer.

BROADCAST

If Mrs. Gann wears her skirts like most prominent ladies mebbe it would be jest as well if she stood up.



Farmer Jake Bentley talks some o' movin' to the city so he kin keep a son.



Now an' then a murderer overdoes it an' pays the penalty, but not often.



"I hope I feel as good at 75 as the Republican party does," says Mouse McCormick.



How's the gover'ment prohibition bureau goin' to award that medicinal whisky contract to six selected distillers without makin' our millions of other distillers sore?

ABE MARTIN'S

The early tire gits the roofin' tack.



"I allus like to spend the week-end out to Gran'maw's. Ther's somethin' uncanny about her food," says Lafe Bud.



"Oh, I had the time of my life. I wuz treated jest like a criminal all the time I wuz there," says Lester Lark, who's more'n pleased with his relatives in Illinoy.



A goose may take his time crossin' a country road, but I'll say this fer him, he's got sense enough to look both ways.



My idea o' "bitin' the dust" is eatin' a roadside hamburger sandwich.

BROADCAST

In the ole days a feller wuz either no good, or he had the stuff in him, but to-day success seems to depend entirely on gittin' the breaks regardless o' merit or class or anything else.



Everything comes to him who waits unless it's a settlement fer a pair o' pajamas or somethin' a laundry has lost.



If there's anything in a beauty nap most o' the flappers I see must suffer from insomnia.



Dayton, Ohio, in the Toledo, Lima an' Hamilton crime belt, has been so hard hit by bandits that her bank employees lay down to be tied ever' time a car pulls up to the curb.

MORE ON THE LIVER

DR. MOPPS wuz the principal speaker at a Young Men's Business League Luncheon, an' said as follers: "I've jest completed my annual spring survey o' the liver an' find no encouragin' signs that any greater respect is bein' paid this most important of all human organs than there wuz durin' the previous year. Ther's many contributin' forces operatin' to the detriment o' the liver, the almost universal habit o' ridin' bein' prob'ly the worst menace. The abnormal consumption o' candy is tellin' on the community's livers. Gorgin', over-eatin', is the paramount curse o' the nation. It reaps an annual harvest that makes the rum toll look like a dry poll in Massachusetts. Eatin' has become a business. Men used to jump on a bicycle at noon an' ride home an' eat a mild re-

BROADCAST

past, mebbe some liver, an' egg or two, bread an' butter, an' coffee, an' in a few instances a wedge o' pie. Today the many cafeterias are packed, an' hundreds file



Overloadin' the Liver

along past temptin' food displays almost a block long. No matter how many resolutions we've made to lay off o' this or that, or confine ourselves to so an' so, we simply can't resist the cafeteria's allurin'

ABE MARTIN'S

an' savory cookery—big, oozin' roasts, temptin' kidney stews, gorgeous hams, almost unbelievable soups, dashin' chops, mouth waterin' displays o' vegetables, even spinach an' kale, that win us at first glance. An' the pies—jest imagine askin' a cafeteria queen, 'What kinda pie you got?' Ever' kind, convertible top, open face, an' huntin' case. An' salads! There's more kinds o' salads than ther' are tooth pastes, yes, or even tap dancers. We eat things in cafeterias we wouldn' allow in our homes, or rather we couldn' git in our homes. The cafeteria is a Mecca fer husbands. 'Here's somethin' I've read about all my life,' said Lafe Bud, when a counter girl told him somethin' wuz Brussels sprouts. I expect the biggest thing a young husband misses between divorces is his good ole cafeteria days. Cafeterias are fine if you're a post-hole digger or a lineman. They're all right if you have a

BROADCAST

strong will-power, an' are careful an' discernin', but the disposition to overdo it, to eat too much, is the menace. If anything saves the liver it's goin' to be golf. It takes us out in the open, it exercises the legs an' arms, an' fills the lungs with country air. If folks are going' to drop dead ther's no softer spot than the golf links. Ever' business man, ever' desk worker, should manage somehow to git a few hours o' daylight on the golf links. A feller don't necessarily have to wear his friends out talkin' about his game. It's possible to git much out of golf without discussin' it, or chewin' terbaker, or swearin'. Ther is, o' course, lots o' unfavorable comment on golf, with its gamblin' an' locker scandals, jest as ther's knockin' an' gossipin' about ever'thing. Golf must be preserved an' encouraged on account o' the liver. It has revived walkin' an' promises to perpetuate it."

ABE MARTIN'S

I often wonder what stage-door Johnnies think o' the movies?



Nobuddy loves a fat girl.



I don't think it ever got a merchant anything to send out nice hand-addressed, personal-looking letters announcin' the arrival o' fall goods, fer they fool too many people.



We never hear o' any bootleggers pullin' a blindfold test.



I kin remember when women used to slink away an' weep when mistreated, but if we try to give 'em the worst of it today they'll flare up an' beat our ears down.

BROADCAST

Wouldn' it be fine if people were known fer what they are instead of what they belong to?



"Prohibition is so blamed unhandy," complains Lon Moon. "A feller has to hunt a telephone, an' mebbe wait four or five minutes to git his bootlegger, an' then mebbe he'll have to take Scotch or nothin'."



Aside from keepin' a bald spot hidden I don't believe Art Hanger does anything.



All I kin git out o' the Wickersham position on prohibition is that the distinguished jurist seems to feel that if we'd let 'em have it the problem o' keepin' 'em from gittin' it would be greatly simplified.

ABE MARTIN'S

We never know anybuddy real well un-
til we meet 'em at Miami Beach.



"I'd say you're in purty fair shape. You might have them two front teeth yanked out an' cut down a little on your smokin', but you'll probably be held up an' murdered long before that heart of yours gives you any trouble," said Dr. Mopps, after examinin' Tell Binkley.



A New Haven bandit stole \$119,000 worth o' lingerie an' escaped on a bicycle.



President Hoover's newly-created farm board may know its business, but personally I'd have a lot more confidence in it if ther wuz a few full-page whiskers scattered through it.

BROADCAST

Mrs. Tipton Bud's wealthy uncle in the east leads a double life, usin' his middle name in *Who's Who* an' his first name at parties.



"Jest because a feller don't drink is no sign he won't listen to reason," says Bootlegger Ike Lark, commentin' on the new rulin' that only total abstainers'll be used in enforcin' the dry law.



Dry Officer Milt Plum never tasted liquor in his life. He's an expert authority on varnish killer, an' where ther's any doubt he uses a guinea pig.



If ther's any loose jobs floatin' around they should be given to hungry law-abidin' citizens an' not to paroled criminals.

SECOND, THIRD AN' FOURTH MARRIAGES

HERE is a sample o' the slant some folks have on marriage. It's some correspondence between Miss Fawn Lippincut, heart specialist, o' the *Weekly Slip Horn*, an' a wife that's jest wakin' up:

My Dear Miss Lippincut:

When I got out o' grade school my folks wuz too tight to send me to a girls' seminary where I'd be out o' harm's way. I married a boy friend who hoped to be a lawyer some day. Do you believe in second marriages?

Florine.

My Dear Florine:

I don't think so much of even first marriages, but since you have taken the step

BROADCAST

an' find yourself very unhappy an' have no trade or profession a second, third, fourth, or even fifth marriage, would be perfectly justified. Women an' girls have jest as much right to scout around till they find a congenial, moneyed mate, as men have to change stenographers all the time. A young, romantic girl who gits hypnotized by the first soft-voiced loafer that comes along is entitled to several more chances. Your life is your own, Florine. If you are hungry an' unhappy an' see girls all around you workin' an' makin' money an' dressin' 'emselves, free yourself in all haste an' try again. All too often I meet pale, haggard young wives limp'in' along carryin' one baby an' draggin' another while the husbands walk a few paces ahead an' try to act like they wuzn' with 'em; young mothers who've been to the doctors, or have tried to be fitted at a 10-cent store optical counter;

ABE MARTIN'S

young, bent mothers wearin' 25-cent beads, fabroid snakeskin pumps, print dresses, an' wistful expressions. I notice so many young wives with sticky-lookin'



The Ole, Ole Story

little kids mopin' along like they wuz on ther way to Siberia, girls who've married in ther teens when they should have been penned up at Ward Belmont, St. Mary's-o'-the-Woods, Smith's, or some other girl

BROADCAST

colony. Housekeepin's frightful under the most favorable circumstances, but what must it be where the husband is o' slender means an' must keep dressed up to hold his position? If you marry in the wage-earnin' class marry so you kin wear the clothes. No wonder the average wife, when she does git a little breathin' spell, immediately begins to reflect on what might have been. It allus makes me rave when I hear some ole washed out wife with a fern as big as a Christmus tree an' no offsprings, pan second marriages an' tell how sweetly she tided through the early years of her married life. By all means cut loose an' shop around, Florine. A contractor has to give bond that he'll go through with his agreement, an' so should the male o' the species before they inveigle an' bamboozle sweet, confidin' girls out o' good homes an' jobs. All's well. Good-by.

Fawn Lippincut.

ABE MARTIN'S

Chef Dan Moss, o' the New Palace hotel, tried carrots without peas but they didn' git over.



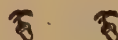
Some folks kin look so busy doin' nothin' that they actually seem indispensable.



Next to the fling of a dashin' bank cashier few things have been as short lived as the popularity o' feminine knees.



Nearly all of us kin recall when "a day's travel" wuz about thirty-five or forty miles.



Elephants, dress suits an' crocodiles are the longest lived things of which ther's any record.

BROADCAST

President Hoover is all right an' stacks up right along with our former Presidents, but a great mistake wuz made in advertisin' him as a super-man.



"Some o' these days the women o' this country are goin' to git fed up on washin' bottles an' crocks an' vote wet," declares Tell Binkley.



It's mighty fine o' Col. Lindbergh to be lookin' fer ancient Mayan ruins, but what this country hopes is that it'll never have to hunt fer Col. Lindbergh.



The Kite divorce case has been settled out o' court, Mrs. Kite agreein' to let Mr. Kite have all the children if he'd pay fer new brake linin's fer her car.

ABE MARTIN'S

It's too bad that a chicken has a breast, fer it's caused more bitterness, an' anxiety, an' misunderstandin', an' fightin' than anything I know of.



Well, sir, I've been through the Cleveland panic, the Roosevelt dull season, an' the Hoover overproduction, an' my experience is that things allus straighten 'em-selves out.



Askin' admirals an' ex-admirals what they think o' reducin' the Navy is purty much like feelin' out a buggy whip maker on the automobile.



"An' as usual ther wuz not a police dog in sight," said Lile Tharp, when relatin' how he wuz slugged an' robbed.

BROADCAST

Ther's the dearest girl clerk at the Monarch 5 & 10. She didn' foller us around or hang on a minute all the time we wuz tryin' to select a mouse trap.



The 1930 census gives Bloom Center 341 population, same as it had in 1920, so I guess that all the boys that went to the big cities to "accept" remunerative an' important positions are back home again.



I'd like to have good, perfect health if I knowed somebuddy wouldn' allus be scarin' me about goin' all at once some day.



When we look around about us it don't seem possible that women used to milk cows, rock cradles, an' make bread.

PUBLICITY

THE great part publicity plays in human affairs today is the most astoundin' an' outstandin' thing in our national life. It's the most gigantic an' flourishin' activity on our continent, not barrin' rum runnin'. It's itself, its only parallel. Even monopolies an' law violators go after publicity. Things we didn' used to want the public to know anything about are now exploited with the hope that they'll in some way boost us. Ike Lark purposely gits arrested ever' so often so the public won't fergit he's still bootleggin'. Lonely bachelors, first families, society queens, farmers, the newly rich, professional an' business men, wealthy widders, an' widders o' slender means, even dentists, all resort to printers' ink. Even things as staple as

BROADCAST

prunes use the newspapers an' bill boards. English walnuts are better advertised than the greatest circus that ever



Gittin' in the Paper

traveled. A few thin, pale magazines used to struggle along from month to month, but today ther's a raft o' monthly publications that would tax th' floor space o' a Zeppelin hangar, an' they're all bulgin' with

ABE MARTIN'S

ads. The family newspaper is so fat it has to be split up. People who are too busy to read the newspapers depend on the big illuminated bill boards or the radio to tell 'em what to eat an' wear, an' where to spend ther evenin's. No prize-fighter, no ambitious woman, no statesman, no author, no person o' any consequence, is complete without a publicity agent. They all use the ole, time-honored system that kept Rose Hill, Fanny Davenport, General Coxey, Adam Forepaugh an' "Th' Two Orphans" in the limelight. Even trans-Atlantic aviators, an' arctic navigators, who may never be heard o' again, have ther publicity hounds. Even folk who think some o' gittin' divorced employ publicity experts. Ther's lots o' divorcin' jest fer the publicity. Folk that can't afford to launch publicity campaigns, or even have a little special advertisin' put over, resort to all sorts o' schemes to git

BROADCAST

before the people without goin' to the expense o' employin' experts. They mix up in ever'thing that's goin' on, show up at exclusive funerals, toady around after the prominent, attend intellectual treats, arrive late at the the-ater, have ther houses robbed, an' neglect ther work fer all public functions. They bum ther publicity. If a feller goes out o' town to look fer his wife, he drops a line to his newspaper. If a woman has a third cousin killed by an over-turnin' bus in Wyomin' she hurries to the newspaper office. Durin' the war our government had all o' us eatin' carrots thro' publicity propyandy, an' I'll bet a well-managed bill board campaign against strong drink would do more fer sobriety than all the constitutional amendments, prohibition cranks, poisoned alcohol, rum fleets an' dry officers put t'gether, an' fer a mere fraction o' the cost o' the present farce.

ABE MARTIN'S

Now's the time to pick out a nice, round wife before the skirts git any longer.



Constable Plum finally landed a bandit today, but he turned out to be seventy years ole.



My idee o' takin' big chances is gittin' smart Alecky with a state fair policeman carryin' a heavy hickory cane.



Pink Weatherby, a big city boy who's made good on the farm, wuz in town today.



"Next to a woman's intuition ther hain't nothin' as certain as peas," said Joe Kite as he set down at a little dinner party.

BROADCAST

"It's not allus necessarily the liver, fer oftentimes bein' married'll cause the same ugly, irritable, to h——l with ever'buddy feelin'," said Dr. Mopps, as a patient put his shirt back on.



"It must have been long after midnight, fer I wuz readin' a bed-time story to my little son when I heard what I took to be two cars comin' together," said Mrs. Lafe Bud, testifyin' about a bootleggin' chase.



If we're goin' to save an ole-time gentleman fer the Smithsonian Institution we'll have to hurry up about it.



Jailer Mort Pine has resigned as he hates crowds.

ABE MARTIN'S

It's kind o' interestin' jest to fiddle along an' wonder what kind of a setback we'll git next.



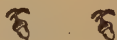
Anybuddy that's got the time to watch fer the outcome of all the various events comin' off these days is a loafer.



I'd jest as leave try to drive with an octopus on the front seat as a clingin' vine flapper.



"My, how we dread to see winter come, fer gran'paw'll feel so utterly lost without his fly swatter," says Mrs. Ike Lark.



Friday the 13th hain't in it with most any Sunday.

BROADCAST

What the country seems to need is a secretary o' the Canadian border instead of a secretary o' the interior.



Mr. an' Mrs. Lafe Bud are havin' a Sunday entrance added to ther social room.



The fillin' station on our corner has been repainted an' now looks like a Sitka, Alasky, Indian 5 & 10.



The ole-time office seeker that wuz allus promisin' to reduce taxes is tryin' to come back by promisin' light wine an' beer.



Lafe Bud says he knows the secret o' success, but he don't know who to fix.

SWISS BELL RINGERS

“THE first flock o’ Swiss bell ringers I ever seen appeared at Melodeon hall in 1867. Then they begun to pour in ever’ week or so till 1871,” says Uncle Ez Pash, in recountin’ all the celebrities an’ famous combinations that have appeared in that historic ole playhouse. “Yes, Swiss bell ringers wuz as thick an’ common as wild pigeons. Sometimes they’d show up in coveys, an’ mebbe sometimes ther’d be as few as four or what wuz called a set. Swiss bell ringers seemed to be susceptible to hot or warm weather, an’ were hard to keep in sections where climatic changes were frequent an’ violent. Invariably in the spring when the snow began to melt an’ the first patches o’ green showed up, Swiss bell ringers would migrate to the

BROADCAST

wild rice fields o' the great northwest. While the bells 'emselves wuz undoubtedly Swiss, I could never be quite sure o' the nationality o' the ringers on account o' ther whiskers, which completely hid ther features, except in rare instances where some effort had been made to curb or train 'em. The women might have been Peruvian so fer as the eye could tell. Swiss bell ringers talked very little an' seemed to take ther ringin' seriously. They huddled together off stage, an' wuz rarely seen in pairs, or walkin' about town alone lookin' at the courthouse an' other points o' interest to the traveler. So fer as I know no explanation—no good reason has ever been given fer the great epidemic o' Swiss bell ringers that swept o'er the United States durin' the period between 1867 an' 1874—how it started, who instigated it, an' how it wuz finally fought back. Our people wuz jest recoverin' from the war

ABE MARTIN'S

between the states, an' ther wuz a great silver agitation becloudin' the minds o' the people, an' ther wuz poverty an' distress



A Section of Swiss Bell Singers

on every hand. That the bands o' Swiss bell ringers that swarmed through the country durin' the reconstruction period

BROADCAST

wuz emissaries o' Providence sent to soften an' reconcile the people o' the north an' south, an' blaze the trail fer a strong an' powerful nation, is the only conclusion I kin come to. Traces o' Swiss bell ringers are still found now an' then along the ole National road as fer west as Saint Louis. In dismantlin' the ole courthouse at Roundhead, Ohio, a program o' the 'Original Spaldin' Brothers' Swiss Bell Ringers' was found along with a copy o' the Philadelphia Ledger, an' in straightenin' a curve o' the National road west o' Terry Hut the skeleton o' a supposed Swiss bell ringer wuz unearthed an' unmistakable evidence showed that his whiskers had attained a length o' forty-two inches. In the late '70's some kindly an' well meaning gentlemen started a movement to conserve a Swiss bell ringer fer the edification o' future generations, but nothin' wuz ever done about it."

ABE MARTIN'S

Miss Tawney Apple is at present unattached, but has several positions in view if she kin make the dimensions.



Grocer Wash Kite, who holds decisions over five different bandits'll be a candidate fer constable on a crime prevention ticket.



Lile Tharp spoke on why boys don't leave home before the Better Business League at its weekly luncheon.



Waverly Moon is visitin' his brother here, an' he's as cheerful an' uncomplaining' as a Californy grape farmer.



Progressive Bloom Center has opened a school fer school-bus drivers.

BROADCAST

"I'm fer peace as much as anybuddy, but I'd rather they'd beat the swords into some good razor blades," says Tell Binkley.



"In my day when a baby cried we knowed a pin wuz stickin' it," said Gran'-maw Purviance, as she wiped the cigarette ashes out of her screamin' gran'child's eyes.



The only time an office holder cares anything about the hearty co-operation o' the public is while he's gittin' in.



One good thing about bein' a ne'er-do-well—the Lord is allus sure to take all the good, useful citizens before he gits around to you.

ABE MARTIN'S

You've commenced to deteriorate when you send in a request fer *Silver Threads*.



"I'm certainly fed up on apartment life," says Mrs. Art Lark. "In the buildin' where we live ther's three bootleggers, a husband that's jest beginnin' to tire of his wife, a paroled torch slayer, a stranger we never see go an' come, an' a former toast o' the town that turns on the radio at 4:30 ever' mornin'."



"This is the age o' mergers. Our horse-radish man has married our smear case woman, an' so it goes," says Mrs. Leghorn Tharp.



Holdin' a home together is career enough fer a dozen women.

BROADCAST

"I felt as foolish as if I'd jest completed a detective story," I heard a woman say, in relatin' some experience.



Even if all the boys who set out in life with log cabin educations didn' all git to be President they lived to tell it, an' that's more'n we'll be able to say fer a school-bus education.



Those who've been around to the jail to view the "beautiful rum queen" are almost unanimous in sayin' Lily Langtry's laurels remain secure.



"The worst thing about an industrial slump is havin' a big, restless husband hangin' around home under your heels," says Mrs. Em Moots.

MIAMI BEACH

"LIFE, that mysterious thing called life! We'd all like to live on an' on, especially those of us who're breakin' even or better," declares Mrs. Leghorn Tharp. "We'd like to see the outcome of many things that are imminent today: the elimination o' the little feller in business, the supremacy o' women in all things, an' a bran' new all-dry Democratic party. It's a marvelous age, an' glider records are broken almost over-night. The love of life is greater today than at any time in the world's history. I wuz somewhat taken by a letter I received this week from a sojourner at Miami Beach. He says, 'What appeals to me since I've reached this lovely playground is that vague, mysterious, uncertain an' yit wonderful thing we call life,

BROADCAST

elusive, persistent, never endin' life, which, in its manifestations, is not exactly alike in any two people, an' yit not wholly unlike.' My correspondent certainly found a fine place to ponder o'er life. Ever'buddy that goes to Floridy is fond o' life. They go there to prolong life, to escape our rigid winters, soot, an' epidemics, to let the sun beat down on ther bare backs fer real or imaginary ails. Women, who in the north wouldn' think o' crossin' ther legs in public, wade out into the warm, blue waters o' the beach almost up to ther armpits before the hundreds who sit half naked on the wide, shaded verandas to git an eyeful. Miami Beach makes the whole world kin. It's the nearest approach to the ole, lazy, primitive, fig-leaf age that we have on either hemisphere. People from ever' capital in the world meet there to swap ails, to compare hitches, an' grow new hair. There one may romp in the sands

ABE MARTIN'S

with Dudley Field Malone, rub shoulders with Ed Grasseli, pass the time o' day with Mr. Firestone, or comment on the salt situation in India with Gene Tunney. In-



An Appealin' Display

deed one may meet Mrs. Tunney, fer the social functions are plentiful an' indiscriminate. By indiscriminate I mean mixed an' democratic. Rubber kings, great authors, cigar manufacturers, scien-

BROADCAST

tists, champions of the art of self-defense, famous beauties, nationally important politicians, internationally famous divorce lawyers, long distance swimmers, intriguing divorcees, wizards of finance, grocers, screen stars, racketeers, an' paper hangers, all meet at Miami Beach an' cavort in friendly rivalry. Sworn enemies o' the north hobnob at Miami Beach, fer the tropical sun radiates good will an' friendliness. Fer the student o' human nature, or the human form, ther's no greater water-hole than Miami Beach, where all phases o' life, where people of every walk in life, commingle an' unbend. It has been said o' the county fair that it's a great institution where the products o' the community may be viewed, where the laborers o' the mills, an' banks, an' cultivated fields may meet once a year an' renew friendships, an' complain o' the times, or gloat over a fat season. How much more helpful are the

ABE MARTIN'S

resorts o' Floridy, where the whole nation kin meet, where we kin all put on bathin' suits an' no questions are asked?"



One o' the hardest things about bein' a Democrat is rememberin' where you put your flag after the last time you had occasion to use it.



"Oh, he's been a great benefactor, but my father never had any use fer Edison after buyin' a cigar from him when he wuz a train butcher," says Mrs. Leghorn Tharp.



"Wealthy Russian farmers bein' shot down fer refusin' to sell ther farms" is about the most reassurin' note agriculture has received fer some time.

BROADCAST

Friends o' prohibition don't seem to be as smooth as the friends o' the tariff.



Ther's a pop'lar impression that doctors an' dentists are easy marks, but jest the same they don't seem to have joined any "book o' the month" clubs.



"Hain't it jest fine to git back in a vest after carryin' a toothbrush in a hip pocket all summer?" remarked Ike Soles.



Another thing we didn' used to be criticized fer wuz our road manners.



Next to Queen Mary's hats nothin' wafts me back to 1880 like Ramsay MacDonald's mustache.

ABE MARTIN'S

"In no other country did I meet as many Swiss as I did in Switzerland," declared Mrs. Leghorn Tharp, in her highly educational talk on "The Byways of Europe" before the Art Embroidery Club.



Another distinguishin' feature about the school of experience is this—when you're through you're through.



"Oh, I suppose he thought 'cause he'd hid the hatchet he could say what he pleased to her," said Mrs. Lide Hanger, when she read o' some woman killin' her husband with a carpet stretcher.



We used to see some sweet, wholesome plays, but who ever heard of a sweet, wholesome film?

BROADCAST

A beautiful big blue limosine with only seven payments to go has been stolen from in front o' the Leghorn Tharp home.



"More wives have changed hands under prohibition than durin' any like period since the dawn o' Christianity," insists Rev. Wiley Tanger.



Mebbe George Washin'ton's picture on the new one-dollar bill'll have some effect on the feller that promises to hand it back Saturday.



"Well, it wuz runnin' somewhere's around 341 last Saturday, but a purty Sunday allus cuts it down," said Constable Plum today, speakin' o' the population o' Bloom Center.

ON STAYIN' PUT

Now that ever'buddy's splittin' up an' the papers are full o' divorce sensations it won't be amiss to say somethin' about the life partnership o' Lester Wilkins an' wife. They've jest celebrated ther 70th weddin' anniversary. Great flocks o' friends came an' it wuz a most happy event. It wuz almost 11:30 P.M. before th' last Ford reared an' sputtered an' left the barn lot. It wuz a fine occasion. Ever'buddy pretended to fergit ole grudges, an' Gran'maw Wilkins won't have to buy no smokin' t'backer fer forty years, an' her ole life mate has enough yarn socks to make Lieut. Byrd green with envy. Mr. an' Mrs. Lester Wilkins wuz married 70 years ago in a clearin' that now marks the site of our used car mart. Both wuz poor an' they lived on

BROADCAST

hickory nuts an' acorns until ther first crop o' corn matured. Both wuz made o'



Tied Down for Seventy Years

that rugged material that played such a prominent part in findin' the North Pole. Both had good strong chins, an' it wuz not

ABE MARTIN'S

long till they had a teakettle, chairs an' other comforts o' the home. This couple jest seemed to realize that it would not do to fall out. They were many miles from any white settlement, an' in the event o' any rupture or split up neither could have found ther way back to civilization. But no differences sprung up between them. Ther wuz no possibility of an argument, unless it wuz which tree wuz to be cut down next. Lester Wilkins an' his wife were made o' the right stuff, an' often shook the box to see who'd walk four miles fer a bucket o' water. It has been a perfect partnership. Ther wuz no social end to hold up. Ther wuz no trips out o' town "on business" to leave one or the other exposed to Indians. They didn' live very well, but they got along fine. She'd never been used to anything, an' he wuz not ambitious. They jest seemed to be cut out fer one another. Her mother never visited

BROADCAST

'em, an' he wuz an orphan. Ther lives might be what we'd call a perfect partnership. Her youthful charms hung on till he wuz too ole to cut up, an' he plowed right along through the dangerous age. More couples could go through with the game if they jest thought so. This venerable couple has lived to see many changes an' kin recall when people used to walk home at noon fer dinner.



Say what you please about the Democratic party, it comes in mighty handy now an' then.



"I can't agree with the croakers," said Rev. Wiley Tanger, Sunday. "With the exception of a few darin' git-rich-quick novelists, I think people are as good an' pure-minded as they ever wuz."

ABE MARTIN'S

Some feller gittin' his shoes shined at the Greek All American shinin' parlors started the story that Mrs. Leghorn Tharp wuz goin' to try fer a divorce, an' that's the way lots o' lies git circulated.



Miss Fawn Lippincut got her new sun-back dress on frontwards an' had to back all the way to the pust-office an' home again.



Why is the truth allus so late about comin' out?



"Ohio's the Buckeye state, Indianny's the Hoosier state, an' Californy's the Torso state," said little Winnie Moots, in enumeratin' all the nicknames o' the states.

BROADCAST

Lester Moots an' his wife have merged
with her parents.



Remember when we used to pretend
we wuz buyin' liver fer the cat?



A collector o' rare stamps gave Oscar
Moots 30 cents fer a 2-cent stamp with
mucilage on it.



"We ferment pulp, skins, stems an' all,"
a woman wuz tellin' her companion when
the organ suddenly stopped at church
Sunday.



Curves soon to supplant bumps predicts
Miss Fawn Lippincut in her *Weekly Slip-*
horn column, "Fer Fair Woman's Eye."

ABE MARTIN

Some folks are loved fer th' enemies they've made, an' still more others are sidestepped fer th' friends they've made.



After the federal authorities git through with the yeast makers, corn sugar producers, malt canners, rum runnin' an' bootleggers, it'll still be up against the great American appetite.



Easily the most brilliant an' orderly social affair o' the early spring season wuz the Bud-Purviance weddin' last evenin', the ushers remainin' sober till nearly 9:30.



"I don't know what we're goin' to do if somethin' hain't done to curb the awful cost o' livin'," said Joe Kite, when he read that it cost \$58 to call up Roumania.

BIG GAME HUNTING

THER's jest about as much sport in shootin' a Bengal tiger as ther is in takin' a G string away from a blind guitar player. Ther's a lot o' bunk about big game huntin' in Africa, "miraculous escapes, thrillin' experiences, an' terrific combats." Ther hain't nothin' involved in big game huntin' 'cept expense. Ther's no hardships, an' so fer as danger is concerned, runnin' out o' quinine is the only thing to watch out fer. Quinine keeps off fever. Then, too, one mustn' git too close to a rhino, as they're near-sighted. The first thing a big game hunter does, after he's financed, is to lay in a carload of tinned provisions, five or six high-powered rifles, ammunition an' a barrel o' quinine. Then he gits a huntin' permit. This permit allows him to assassinate four elephants, two giraffes,

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one hippo (male preferred), two gnus, one sacred ibis, one team o' zebras, an' all the hyenas he kin slip up on. These figures are approximately correct. I have no figures on lions, tigers an' crocodiles. Then the hunter contracts with the nearest Zulu king fer two or three hundred native beaters who are to take all the chances, an' drive the tigers an' elephants an' other big game under the tree, in top of which a platform has been built, or past an elephant-proof barricade which has been provided fer the big game hunter, who sits thereon or therein, armed with a high-powered repeatin' elephant gun. Hyenas, where the terrain permits, are run down an' crushed by Ford cars. Much ammunition is saved in this way. Giraffe shootin' is dangerous on account o' ther long hind legs. Giraffes may be safely bagged by chasin' 'em in armored cars, or by climbin' up in a tree near a water-hole. Africa is extremely dry

BROADCAST

an' all wild beasts an' birds eventually seek a water-hole. A big game hunter might have to wait a day or two fer a giraffe to show up, so it is well to be provided with



A Giant African Eland, Claimed by Some to Be Harder
to Bag Than a Cow

tinned biscuits on account of ants. In the interim he kin pick off baboons, Thompson gazelles, boa constrictors, a rhino or two, an' mebbe a leopard. Baby rhinos are harmless an' may be killed with a ham-

ABE MARTIN'S

mer or ice pick. Hippos are found in great numbers in the malarial rivers. They are curious an' sluggish an' any big game hunter who kin hit a barn should not have any trouble pickin' off at least three valuable specimens. In huntin' tigers a big game hunter should keep well surrounded by beaters, which he invariably does. First, the tiger's lair is located; then a sacred cow is killed an' the carcass is laid beneath a tree in which the big game hunter is safely stationed on a platform armed with a 50-50 high-powered automatic elephant gun capable of knockin' a steamboat out of the water; the odor of the sacred cow lures the tiger on, if the wind is O. K. When a sacred cow is not available, a zebra may be used. Zebras are so fat they trot, an' are so marked that a big game hunter can't miss 'em. Often a zebra will give itself up if it sees a big game hunter carries an elephant gun. The hard-

BROADCAST

est beast to hit is the giant African eland, a species of antelope standin' about two hands higher than a moose, which is eight feet. They are not dangerous unless you fool with ther horns. Any one who kin hit a two-car garage should have no trouble in addin' an African eland to his bag. It's greatly to be regretted that our great museums of natural history have only about six or seven specimens each of all the "rare" beasts I've named. No well-ordered museum should have less'n nine African elands. Perhaps the awful expense o' big game huntin' is responsible fer the miserable showin' o' lions, tigers, wombats, hippos, elands, etc., etc. I know of at least two museums that only show seven saddle-back tapirs. Lions may be hunted safely with only an Irish setter an' a .22 rifle, an' are dangerous only when wounded, same as a domestic ram.

ABE MARTIN'S

Who recalls when parents used to weep
an' carry on when a daughter got married?



Miss Tawney Apple has got somethin'
from eatin' strawberries but she can't pro-
nounce it.



Leslie Hanger's new home'll have three
bathrooms, one fer beer, one fer gin, an'
one fer Saturday.



The death o' Admiral von Tirpitz re-
vives the ole question, do whiskers grow
after death?



Elmer Purviance, who raised a family
o' five on a salary, is bein' talked of fer
city manager o' Bloom Center.

BROADCAST

"I'll have to telegraph my wife to drop in another cake o' yeast, fer I'm supposed to bottle today," said Lafe Bud's uncle, in decidin' to visit him a few days longer.



A 150-year-ole Turk who has never tasted liquor is to visit our shores an' here's bettin' we make a bum out of him before he gits half-way up-town.



Remember how we used to hide in the haymow to read "Beadle's Dime Library?" an' now ther's one on the front page ever' day.



Some fellers are allus boastin' about ther wives packin' ther suitcases, but they never say nothin' about 'em unpackin' 'em.

ABE MARTIN'S

"Well, that's fair enough," said Joe Kite, when he read that an auto killed two out o' four.



Say what you please about Al Capone, he comes in mighty handy when ther's no other news.



The ole silver dollar wuz mighty handy to slap on the counter an' wake up a clerk.



The first thing most fellers do when they git out o' town is buy a newspaper an' never read it.



Who remembers when we jest simply managed to git along without somethin' if we didn' have the cash to buy it?

BROADCAST

It takes a mighty crack college student to grab an education between football an' basketball seasons.



After a careful survey, Miss Fawn Lip-pincut, household editur o' the *Weekly Sliphorn*, reports that ther's more brides who know how to cook than ther are grooms who're able to buy anything to cook.



Chester Pine got caught in the Wall Street crash an' now his real wife won't take him back.



Mrs. Lafe Bud wuz arrested fer shop-liftin' in the Emporium, but wuz released when it turned out to be one o' the dips of her new skirt draggin' beneath her coat.

GITTIN' THE BREAKS

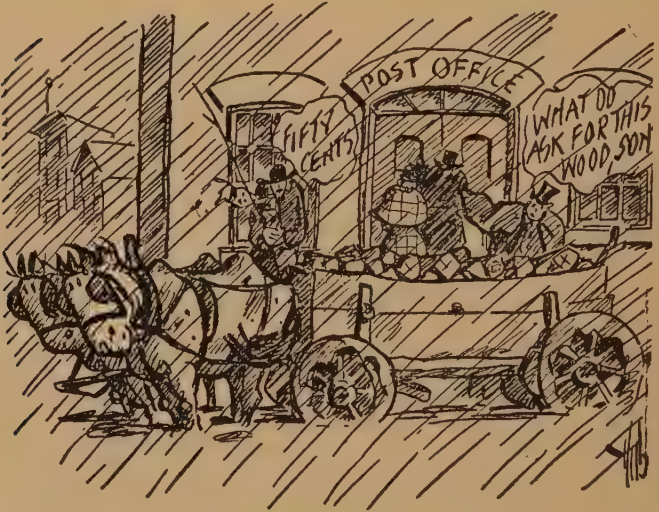
TODAY when we're hearin' so much whin-in' an' complainin' about "not gittin' any breaks," an' "raw deals," an' "the favored few," an' "no business," I'm reminded of the ups an' downs o' firm-chinned Grover Mopps, long retired an' livin' in Nice. Grover Mopps came into the world literally suffocatin' through handicaps—a naggin' mother, six other children, an' a salaried dad. He wuz named fer a Democratic president, an' later weighed down with a cumbersome college education, he wuz good lookin', physically perfect, an' had a heavy, rich voice. Then he married at nineteen instead o' waitin' till he wuz thirty-five. With a young wife hangin' to his neck he struggled along till he wuz thirty-seven, when he finally went to work. His first job wuz night clerk at the New

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Palace hotel, a position which gave him lots o' leisure to further improve his mind, but meant little in the way o' material gain. His wife gave up an' started to thumb her way to relatives in Oregon. A cannin' factory started up in his town an' through the influence of his senator he got the position of punkin weigher. It wuzn' much, but ther wuz a livin' in it fer one. He wuz now thirty-eight years ole, an age when he should have been pullin' down \$10 a week, but he never whimpered, he never cussed the party in power, or his early environment, but he did harbor some resentment toward his college. At the close o' the punkin cannin' season he wuz again unattached. Never once in all o' his struggles fer a foothold in life had he tried to touch his folks, who had moved to a fer eastern city. One evenin' after he'd been luggin' a vacuum sweeper from house to house all day, he wuz handed a telegram

ABE MARTIN'S

statin' his paw had died. This wuz the turnin' point in Grover Mopps' life. His paw had willed him a fine corner lot across



Watchful Waitin'

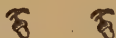
from the courthouse. Grover Mopps had found himself. He soon sold the lot fer a fillin' station site at a princely figure an' soon overtook his wife at Warsaw, Indianny. She gladly returned to him.

BROADCAST

Through buyin' Standard o' New Jersey at 55 or better Grover Mopps soon became rich an' wuz often pointed out as one o' the principal points of interest in his town. An' perseverance did it all. An' now fer the disgruntled farmer boy. He should git a lot of inspiration out o' General Grant's early struggles. The ole General Grant farm is jest at the edge o' St. Louis. Long before the Civil War—after young Ulysses Grant ran away from his father's tanyard on account o' the fumes, an' wuz flounderin' around with a West Point education, he settled down in Missouri to be a farmer. Many a cold winter day, he would drive to St. Louis, through slush up to the hubs, with a load of stove wood an' hitch in front of the St. Louis pust-office. Often he would stand all day in zero weather tryin' to sell his wood fer 50 cents so he could buy some ginger ale. General Grant became a great soldier—an idolized general, President of

ABE MARTIN'S

his country fer two terms—an' it wuz all his party could do to keep him from runnin' fer a third term.



Mixin' banditry with a steady job is one o' the new ways o' meetin' the cost o' high livin'.



Short skates, short workin' days, short stories, short weight, short underwear, short breaths, short skirts, short lives, short cuts, short in accounts, an' now if we jest have a nice, short winter it'll make it unanimous.



Mrs. Em Moots hit a movin' van head on to-day, a student wearin' one o' the new cinnamon bear overcoats obstructin' her view o' the highway.

BROADCAST

A safety deposit box is never goin' to be what might be called absolutely safe so long as the owner kin open it.



A real lady or gentleman must git bewildered these times.



"Well, he mixes an' deals with youngsters all the time," said Tell Binkley, when somebuddy remarked on how well Sheriff Mort Pine carried his years.



The big concrete stop an' go sign on Main Street wuz knocked to smithereens at an early hour to-day, an' Constable Plum don't know whether it wuz hit by somebuddy comin' home from the country club, or some one goin' home from the athletic club.

ABE MARTIN'S

If President Hoover wants to keep times from gittin' worse an' encourage the liberal distribution of capital he might call the various Republican factions o' Pennsylvania to Washin'ton an' suggest another senatorial election.



I don't know o' nothin' better'n a woman if you want to spend money where it'll show.



Somethin' else that's allus tacked on the consumer is the "public relations expert," an' how many of us know what the durn things are fer?



What's worse'n follerin' a murder trial day in an' day out fer weeks an' then have it end in an acquittal?

BROADCAST

Lester Pine hain't got no dear ole college days to look back on, but he sold 81 vacuum sweepers direct to the consumer durin' the month o' November.



Whisperin' an' gossipin' about "the times" 'll ruin prosperity jest the same as it'll ruin an individual.



Senator Smoot says he wouldn' know a bootlegger if he saw one. Nobuddy would. The way to tell a bootlegger is to git his telephone number an' ask him to call, an' then you can hardly believe your own eyes he'll look so sleek an' dandy.



How do you like the new long skirts that look like a folded wet umbreller with two ribs broken?

ABE MARTIN

“Gee whop, if you hain’t goin’ to help poor people who own cars what’re you goin’ to do with your money?” Pogue Swallow asked the township trustee to-day.



Miss Tillie Moots is spendin’ the winter in Floridy as the guest of a girl she entertained a couple o’ days last July.



Nelse Plumber an’ family starved to death in ther car recently while on ther way to the auto show at Bloom Center.



“Anybuddy that’s ever swept up after a bouquet o’ dried-out goldenrod’ll be mighty glad to know that hereafter the blamed weed is to be used fer makin’ tires,” snapped Mrs. Em Moots.

THE GREAT AUK

“LITTLE work has been done on the Great Auk since the World War,” explained Prof. Alex Tansey, o’ School 43, Route 33, R. F. D., before a noonday luncheon o’ the Mid-Continent Cement Block Association, at the New Palace hotel durin’ the current year. “Many things have held back the work of assemblin’ a complete skeleton o’ this most interestin’ prehistoric fowl. First, a lack o’ funds, second, the new tariff bill, then the natural reaction follerin’ in the wake of the uprisin’ in India, an’ a general slump in scientific research attributable to a multiplicity o’ things. It has required no end o’ patience an’ heroic work to reorganize an’ crystalize any formidable amount of interest in the Great Auk, or Alk, or Awk, or Alck,

ABE MARTIN'S

or Alka, or Alky. The Great Auk covered an immense amount o' North America, it was a great prowler, an' parts necessary to a complete skeleton are widely scattered, a vertebra here, a spine there, etc. Try to find parts fer the ole Premier car an' you'll have some idea o' th' work necessary to erect a complete Great Auk. The parcels postage alone on parts so fer has reached a purty sum, an' shows no lettin' down. In assemblin' the neck alone thirty-four states contributed, the final joint arrivin' last week from Roundhead, Ohio. The glacial period has held back the work. Many bones have come to light through diggin' fer hidden stills, an' street widenin's. The beak o' th' skeleton o' which I speak wuz unearthed near Urbana, Ohio, where a farmer wuz settin' out a Andromeda Japonica, an' by the merest accident it fell into the hands of a passin' scientist who readily recognized it. Prob'ly many

BROADCAST

precious bones o' the Great Auk have been tossed aside by those unfamiliar with its chassis, an' general git up. The Great Auk belonged to the family Alcidae of which ther' wuz thirty-one species o' varyin' heights, but all were three-toed. The Great Auk wuz a nocturnal fowl, an' while it didn' fly nature provided it with the necessary arrangements to do so, as all connections wuz there ready in case of emergency. The correspondence in regard to assemblin' the Great Auk has been colossal, the costs o' railroad fares, expeditions, blind leads, an' gasoline, have been almost unbelievable. When the last bone is placed an' the skeleton o' the Great Auk is complete it'll mark the finish of one o' the greatest scientific undertakin's in all history, an' think of it, our own United States'll be the first to give to the world a skeleton o' the most astonishin' bird of which ther's any knowledge. Science, my

ABE MARTIN'S

friends, is a great thing. Most of us would be settin' around all week an' walkin' on Sunday if it wuzn' fer science."



"Pooh, environment be hanged. Look at Jackie Coogan, who's retired with the love an' respect o' the nation after spendin' most of his life among movie people," said Squire Marsh Swallow, when somebuddy ventured to remark that perhaps Stew Nugent's home life wuzn' the best.



Dry Snooper Wes Moots wuz discharged today fer drinkin' while off duty.



Nothin' looks more triflin' than a great big, broad-shouldered hunk leanin' on a frail, spindly sody fountain table suckin' a straw.

BROADCAST

Why does a feller allus feel in his vest pockets when he begs a cigar?



Ther's somethin' about danger signals that seem to give a lot o' people courage.



"I'd jest as soon attempt to introduce a new brand o' beer in Chicago as be president o' Mexico," says Lafe Bud this mornin'.



Luther Moots, founder an' president o' the "Fit At Fifty Club," dropped dead with his skates on.



"Medicinal rye, Embassy bourbon, or industrial alky?" asked Bootlegger Ike Lark when a charmin' hostess phoned him.

ABE MARTIN'S

If that Washin'ton husband who bet with his wife on the world series really did git his money he held it out of her allowance.



Ther seems to be some question about crime payin', but I should say pickin' up from seven to eight thousan' dollars a day at county banks an' usin' somebuddy else's car hain't to be sneezed at.



Farmers are great fellers. The use of oleomargarine is so general among them they've killed the butter fat business.



"Freedom should begin at home," said Jake Bentley, when he heard ther wuz some talk of Uncle Sam withdrawin' from the Philipppines.

BROADCAST

It's pretty hard to tell what does bring happiness. Poverty an' wealth have both failed.



"Darlin', if anything should ever happen to me, I want you to keep on workin'," said Elmer Purviance to his wife before he started on a little trip.



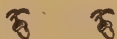
"I'd go an' see a doctor, but I hate to lose my teeth," says Mrs. Em Moots, who's been feelin' poorly fer some weeks.



Well, now let's have another newspaper story tellin' jest exactly what became o' that 105 gallons of perfectly good peach brandy belongin' to the seventy-year-ole lady who wuz arrested an' sentenced at Versailles, Indianny.

ABE MARTIN

The Civic Club raised \$4.30 fer stricken Chicago at ther reg'lar weekly luncheon.



Mr. an' Mrs. Lafe Bud'll entertain this evenin'. Cards an' scandal.



Art Lark voted in the *Literary Digest* election an' he's only nineteen.



The ole sayin', "Sure as shootin'," gits better ever' day.



We kin allus rely on the Republican party bein' right on the schedule.



Success may go to one's head, but the stomach is where it gits in its worst work.

